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THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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MR. EAGLE'S DEATH.

A Useful and Honorable Life Prematurely Terminated by an Incurable Malady.

Universal Regret Felt for the Death of a Noble Hearted Citizen—The Funeral Ceremonies.

THE CITIZEN has deep regret in announcing the death of Mr. E. E. S. Eagle, of the firm of H. R. Eagle & Co., of this city, which occurred on April 20, at the family residence, No. 141 Pine street, after a protracted and distressing illness. His malady was an affection of the spine, which made itself felt a few years ago, and necessitated discontinuance of work and a trip to Europe. There he placed himself under the care of the very ablest physicians, among them being Dr. Charcot of Paris and Professor Eriet of Heidelberg. He returned about a year ago, apparently improved, and the malady came back upon him soon after his return, but he refused to give way to it, and kept about until the 20th of last December, when he was obliged to confine himself to his home permanently.

Mr. Eagle's life, says the *Herald* of the 21st inst., was one devoted to high ideals, and he left the world better for his having lived in it. His recreation was found in deeds of charity and his happiness came from the good he did. His suffering the past few years had instilled in him a humane sympathy for the trials of others, and many penniless and helpless men, women and children in Chicago felt the beneficent hand of his kindliness.

Mr. Eagle was born in Detroit, Mich., in 1852. He came to Chicago in 1865, and for twenty years was engaged with W. F. McLaughlin, No. 82 South Water street. He entered into partnership with his brother, H. R. Eagle, five years ago. His business dealings were always marked by a high sense of honor, which made him respected among all. Everyone who knew him had the highest admiration for his strict justice and high moral sense. Success followed him throughout his whole business career, and he might have become rich had he not cared so much for others and given so freely to the establishment of various eleemosynary institutions. He was an altruist of the highest type and sacrificed self-interests for the betterment of his fellow-men.

He was one of the founders and prime movers in the Catholic Newsboys' Home, which is now under Father Campbell's care, and in him the newsboys and struggling youth of the city recognized their best friend. Some afternoons, when Mr. Eagle was accustomed to visit the Newsboys' Home, he made a practice of visiting the haunts of the waifs and selecting two or three to make his proteges. There are now working in the large wholesale and retail houses of Chicago at least a score of men, whom Mr. Eagle had assisted from poverty to places of responsibility and trust. He spent the better part of his life in the organization and development of charitable works, and yet he was never known as a philanthropist. He did his work under the cover of quiet, and avoided the slightest publicity in his labors among the poor. He belonged to the National Union, the Catholic Benevolent Legion and the Royal League. He was one of the incorporators of the Columbus Club and held a distinguished place in the affections of its members, yet he was seldom seen at the clubhouse.

The Union Catholic Library Association owed its existence partly to the untiring efforts made by Mr. Eagle for its indorsement, and today he is regarded as one of the fathers of the association.

Mr. Eagle was one of a family of eight, three brothers and one sister surviving him. One of his sisters is in a convent and his other relatives are nearly all residents of Chicago. His uncle, Father Walter Elliott, of the Paulist Fathers, of New York city, is a man of national reputation, and is one of the most important personages in the religious world. Mr. Eagle died unmarried.

Among the serious, thinking people who are trying to do good in the world —and he was the friend of all these— Edward Eagle will be deeply mourned; to those whose sufferings he had so greatly alleviated his loss will be well nigh an irreparable one. His death means the passing of one who was kinder to others than to himself—a type for study and imitation.

The funeral of Mr. Eagle occurred at 10 o'clock Monday morning from the residence to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery, where the honored remains were laid to rest. At 10 o'clock solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated in Holy Name Cathedral by Rev. Father Walter Elliott, of the Paulist Fathers of New York, Rev. Hugh McGuire, of St. James' church, and Rev. Father Henneberry assisted as deacon and subdeacon. Rev. P. J. Muldoon, chancellor of the diocese, preached the funeral sermon. Within the sanctuary were seated twenty-one priests from Chicago and other cities. Mass was sung by a full choir and the regular cathedral quartette. Delegations from the Catholic Benevolent Legion, National Union, Royal League, Columbus Club, Visitation and Aid Society and the Union Catholic Library Association, of which Mr. Eagle had been a member, occupied reserved pews in front of the altar. Twenty pews were reserved for the employes of H. R. Eagle & Co. The Cook county cabinet of the National Union sent a large American flag in flowers. The common council of the National Union contributed a pillow. Other prominent floral pieces were from the National Union Building Association and the Haven council of the Royal League. The active pallbearers were W. F. McLaughlin, W. J. Onahan, John C. Carroll, W. A. Amberg, C. A. Paltzer, M. St. P. Thomas, Charles Mair and William Eagle. The honorary pallbearers were George W. Dexter, M. R. Doty, William McD. Wilson, George Forrester, F. Scott, F. N. Gage, F. Fairman and L. H. Canman.

SAMUEL LOVER.

[*Waterford Citizen.*]

Once when the poet Tom Moore was made the recipient of a banquet, tendered by the leaders of literary and social circles in Dublin, a feature of the evening's entertainment, which was greatly enjoyed, was the singing of a song in honor of Ireland's great poet by a young man of about 20 years of age. The sweet singer who so enchanted his audience was Samuel Lover, who afterwards won such fame by his songs and stories illustrating Irish life and character. Though many of his sketches were caricatures, written in a fun-loving spirit of Celtic exaggeration and mischief, they all had a peculiar spicy humor characteristic of the soil, which gave them a wide popularity. Lover was born in Dublin on Feb. 24, 1797. His father was a stock broker, who desired his son to follow a commercial career; but his literary tastes and genius were too strongly marked, and he was soon making his fame in the more congenial field, contributing sketches to the periodicals and writing stories, songs, plays, operas and extravaganzas of various kinds. In 1847 he made a tour of the United States and Canada, giving a series of very successful entertainments, singing his own songs and reciting his stories in public. He returned the following year, and soon after retired to private life. He died on July 6, 1868, in his 72d year. In many of his songs there was a peculiar touch of gentle pathos, as in his "Angel's Whisper," referring to the common saying of Irish mothers when talking to their children, that when a child smiles in its sleep it is "talking with angels."

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A baby was sleeping, its mother was
For her husband was far on the wild, raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's dwelling—
And she cried: "Dermot, darling, oh! come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face, as she bended her knee;
"Oh! blest be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby with me—
And say thou wouldst rather they'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
The wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing her child with a blessing,
Said: "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

FOOTBALL.

Wolfe Tones vs O'Briens.

Last Sunday afternoon the friends and patrons of the Gaelic Athletic Association were treated to a very interesting game of football at the Association's grounds, Thirty-ninth street and Wentworth avenue. The Wolfe Tones and the O'Briens were the contesting teams. The *Times* gives the following account of the game: The O'Briens won the toss for sides and elected to play toward the south goal, having a little wind in their favor. The Wolfe Tones proceeded soon to press upon their opponents. Hanlon, Verden and Butler kept the O'Briens busy for some time. King, Lehane, and Shea relieved the pressure and Noonan sent the ball to Burke, who succeeded in scoring a point for the O'Briens. Connors sent the ball far up the field, where it was attended to by Verden, Murtha, and Sheehan. The O'Briens kept their opponents at bay for some time, but the pressure continued, and in spite of the best efforts of P. O'Connell and Lenihan, Hanlon scored a goal for the Wolfe Tones.

O'Connell kicked off from goal, and Lehane and McDonnell sent the ball far into the Wolfe Tone ground, Carey and Sheehan sending it back. Hanlon made a few good runs, and though both sides tried hard and came near it, neither side scored during the remainder of the first half time.

After a short interval the ball was again put in play, and the Wolfe Tones, headed by Varden and Faver, made a rush for the O'Briens' goal. The rush was stopped by Shea, Lehane, and McDonnell, and the ball was sent away down to the Wolfe Tones' goal, where Condon made an unsuccessful attempt to score. Carey, Sheehan, and Butler sent the ball back and Favier scored a point for the Wolf Tones. The O'Briens were losing ground, though some of their players, Fitzgerald, Burke, the Lehanes, and the Noonans, were still working with unabated energy.

Several scrimmages took place and many of the players on both sides bit the dust. The referee had all he could do to attend to the fouls and the free kicks. Both sides played with a will, but the Wolfe Tones continued to keep their opponents on the defensive. The O'Briens died hard, contesting every inch of ground. Nevertheless the Wolfe Tones continued to add point after point to their score, and they came out the victors with a score of 1 goal and 8 points to the O'Briens' 1 point. P. Gannon of the Grattans acted as referee. Following are the teams:

Wolfe Tones—J. Favier, captain; J. Sheehan, P. Carey, T. Slattery, M. T. Sheehan, B. Verden, A. Verden, H. Keane, J. Grant, L. Murtha, M. Hedderman, B. Hanlon, O. Sheehan, M. Butler, J. Sheehan, and J. Fay.

O'Briens—P. D. Fitzgerald, captain; T. Condon, W. Burke, W. Noonan, P. King, W. Sheehan, W. O'Connell, J. Lehane, J. Lenihan, P. O'Connell, W. Wixted, T. Noonan, P. Quinn, J. McDonnell, J. Connors, and H. Ryan.

THE GAELIC TONGUE.

BY REV. WILLIAM P. TREACY.

Oh, what scenes of joy and sorrow does the Gaelic tongue unfold!
Deeds of heroes, deeds of martyrs, in that grand old tongue are told:
Deeds that set priest-poets dreaming, deeds o'er which grey soldiers wept;
Deeds that set young hearts a throbbing in that old tongue long have slept.
Ancient churches, abbeys hoary, seem as if they just had sprung,
As we read their consecration in the ornate, Gaelic tongue;
All the stars of far-off ages, full of lustre, seem to glow,
As we hear that voice of music, that sweet tongue of long ago!

'Twas the tongue of Dathy's warriors, as they whispered 'round camp-fires;
'Twas the tongue of Tara's minstrels as they touched their sounding lyres;
'Twas the mystic tongue of Druids, in the solemn woods and dim;
'Twas the holy tongue of vestals, when uprose their virgin hymn;
'Twas the lofty tongue of Ard-Righs, 'mid the councils of the great.
'Twas the cultured tongue of Brehons, as they penned the Laws of State;
'Twas the trumpet, e'en the battle, 'twas the thunder mid the fray;
'Twas the terror of the foeman with its war-cry—"Clear the Way!"

'Twas the gleesome song of triumph, 'twas the weird and piercing wail,
'Twas the dirge of flowing sorrow for the dead among the Gael;
'Twas the soft, sweet strain of maidens, as the stars looked through the skies,
'Twas the lullaby of mothers as their darlings closed their eyes;
'Twas the voice of monks and hermits, in fair Erin's lone defiles.
'Twas the tongue of Saint Columbus, as he coasted Scotia's isles;
'Twas the tongue of royal Cormac, as his beads he used to tell;
'Twas the tongue of fearless Brendan 'mid the wild Atlantic swell;—

'Twas the bold tongue of our fathers, when our own Green Land was free—
'Tis the native tongue of Freedom, 'tis the tongue of Chivalry;
'Tis a tongue of sacred memories, 'tis our golden tongue of yore,
'Tis the music tongue should flourish 'round Old Erin's sea-girt shore.
While the Shannon rolls on proudly, and the Galtees lift their head,
While we feel our grandsire's spirit, while we venerate our dead,
While our Irish hearts are beating, while a noble deed is sung,
We will never let thee perish, loved and glorious Gaelic Tongue!

We will gather up the fragments with a tender love and care,
As we find them in dim records, or illumined books of prayer—
As we find them in each story of our country's centuried wrong—
As we find them gently floating on the gleaming tide of song.
We will hold them as a treasure that has come down from the Past,
We shall keep them as a blessing while our strength and life shall last;
And when proud songs of Liberty, our Island-home shall sing,
Oh, 'tis then, e'en more than ever, to our Gaelic tongue we'll cling.

—*Providence Visitor.*

Sam Jack's.

Sam Jack's new Mazeppa company, with its wealth of scenic decoration, pretty women, and clever humorists, occupy the stage at his opera house this week. The famous Myriad Dance, which has created a furore on the West Side, is the leading feature of the entertainment.

T. Shea, Tailor.

238 W. Harrison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

"NATIONALITY VS. EMPIRE."

Eloquent Lecture on the Subject by J. J. Clancy, M.P., Before a Dublin Audience.

Empire Subversive of Liberty—Nationality the Bulwark of Freedom.

Mr. J. J. Clancy, M. P., delivered a lecture in the National club, Dublin, on the 7th inst., under the auspices of the literary section of the club on "The Rise and Fall of Nationalities." Mr. Edmund Leamy occupied the chair. The chairman, in opening the proceedings, said the subject was one which naturally should possess an exceptionally keen interest for the Irish people. It was one which was peculiarly appropriate for a study in a club like this. He had no doubt that it would be treated in such a manner as to afford them an opportunity of carefully contrasting and deciding the cause which led to the rise and declension of nationalities. They saw in the history of Europe that they had in some cases arisen above the political horizon only for a time, and then disappeared, and were apparently never to rise again. But they found that, after the lapse of centuries, a people who were able to preserve in their hearts the belief in their right to a national existence, had succeeded in emerging from their obscurity, and in attaining, if not their old original strength, at least their old original recognition. So long as they had going on a struggle for National rights it was necessary for them to pause—to separate themselves for a time from their business and ordinary avocations and to reflect not only on the political situation of their own country but of other countries, so that by learning the lessons of the political history of other peoples, they might be able to secure their rights for their own country.

Mr. Clancy then delivered his lecture. He said the title "The Rise and Fall of Nationalities" would not altogether describe his subject—he meant to examine the subject of government from an abstract point of view, looking at the two great and principal forms of government which had existed in the world's history, and he would contrast them and see if they could decide in favor of the one or the other. (Hear, hear.) In dealing with this subject of government they found that two ideas had found favor in all ages in the human mind—the ideal of separate and independent nationalities, each co-extensive in point of area with the ground occupied by people of the same race, racial characteristics and social needs. The second ideal was that of great empires holding sway over vast portions of the earth's surface, comprising within their bounds not only various nationalities but various races, and imposing their laws and their civilization on all alike. Both ideals had strenuous advocates, and both had been realized at various periods in the world's history. The ideal of great States had been favored by benevolent theorists and by ambitious despots—the forcer based his case on ennobling thoughts and elevated aspirations, on such ideas as the "Parliament of Man," the abolishing of racial and national distinctions, and the bringing of men of all nations and races within the bonds of a common citizenship; while the latter relied on such propositions as that the civilizing influence of great States counteracted and defeated barbarism and resulted in great achievements in arms, literature, science and arts. It was even contended that the cause of liberty itself had been bound up and involved in the foundation and progress of vast empires. All this, though it contained a good deal of truth, did not contain the whole truth, and he believed that the balance of truth lay on the other side. (Hear, hear.) The benevolent theorist was after all only a theorist, he dreamt splendid and generous dreams, which were, however, only dreams (hear, hear), that never could be realized, and as for saying that liberty had been nurtured and befriended by the development of vast empires, he believed vast empires had always been its deadliest foes. (Hear, hear.) Great States, whether empires or republics, were the negatives of nature's will, and always bred within them the seeds of their own destruction. (Hear, hear.) Through their instrumentality a dead level of uniformity would be imposed on mankind, under which individual genius would be extinguished, and even individual desire to excel would eventually cease to exist. (Hear, hear.) Nationalists, on the other hand, were the direct expression and affirmation of nature's will. (Hear, hear.)

The various countries of the globe appeared, as a rule, to be marked out as the homes of distinct peoples and separate nationalities. The cause was not, in his opinion, to be found in the fact that they were inhabited by distinct and separate races; he doubted if the Irish people were now, or for a long time past had been, so distinct in race from the inhabitants of Great Britain as was generally supposed; there were certainly some districts in Ireland, like Wexford and Tipperary, where, if the people were not mostly of English descent, there was, at least, a very large admixture of English blood in the population, and yet the Irish people, as a whole, and especially in these particular districts, differed from the English, Scotch and Welsh almost in every respect in which one nation could differ from another. He believed that if the present inhabitants of this country were cleared out or exterminated to a man, and if the island were then repeopled with English, Scotch and Welsh, the new race in a generation or two would become so transformed that they would be practically a distinct people from the people of England, Scotland or Wales, with completely different views as to their social needs and political rights. The secret of the transformation would be found in climatic and geographical conditions. The dictate of nature was that the people of each country, differing as they did from the people of any other country, should live as separate political entities and that all attempts to fuse them with other peoples and to subject different nations to the same laws and the same constitutions would be absolutely futile because against nature. (Hear, hear.)

It was said that despite climatic and geographical conditions the irresistible and universal tendency at the end of this century was towards the formation of great states, and that it was folly to fight for the principle of separate nationalities. Well, there was no denying that great states were the rule in every continent today, but they were not like the great states of the past, and those of them which possessed any vitality, and were likely to endure instead of being erected on the ruins of nationalities, were based on the recognition of the principle of nationality. The United States, the German Empire, even the Austrian Empire were examples of this; France, too, though one great centralized state, was also one great nationality homogeneous in regard to nineteen-twentieths of its surface. Russia was the solitary exception, but it was only a question of time when all states constituted on the basis of centralized power would either dissolve into separate states or be reorganized on the practical recognition of the distinct nationalities which composed them. There was the case of Ireland. There were two methods of governing her—either on the principle of ignoring her separate nationality or recognizing it. The former plan had been tried abundantly. If it had failed, the fact was not owing to the lack of resolution, perseverance, and even genius in making the experiment. The sword and the gibbet, massacre and plunder, perjury and bribery, and the fomenting of domestic dissension, all and more of the many methods known to unscrupulous conquerors had been resorted to and persisted in for generations and ages, in the effort not merely to blot out the Irish nation, but to extinguish the sentiment of Irish nationality (hear, hear). But Ireland was a distinct country from England—the very fact of its being separated from the neighboring island by sixty miles of sea constituted a vital difference between the two countries of which no improved means of inter-communication could get rid. This physical separation led to the existence of habits, manners, customs, views of life, and political aspirations among the Irish people different from those of Great Britain, and to the formation and continued existence of a distinct Irish nation (hear, hear).

The various attempts made from time to time to counteract this result by introducing a foreign element among the people were mostly unsuccessful—the English brought in for this purpose became in time Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores, and in some cases there could be no doubt that the admixture of Celtic and Saxon blood resulted in the production of a race of sterner fibre and more intolerant than the pure Celtic stock of foreign rule. The final result of the experiment of ruling Ireland in defiance of the principle of nationality had been a failure final and complete—it was an attempt to traverse the decrees of nature, and the end was certain from the first. The failure was now not only certain, but it was universally confessed, not only by the advocates in England of the Irish national demand, but by its opponents. (Hear, hear. This circumstance had not, he thought, been sufficiently appreciated either at home or abroad. Here was a field in which the principle of Empire was pitted against the principle of Nationality under circumstances the most favorable for the former that had ever existed in any country on the face of the globe, but the principle of Empire had been defeated, and it was the greatest victory ever achieved by the principle of Nationality over that of Empire. (Applause.) The moral he would draw from all this was that they (Irish Nationalists) should stick to their principle of Nationality. By so doing they would be obeying the laws of nature, the dictates of experience, and consulting the moral, intellectual, and material interests of their country (loud applause).

A vote of thanks was proposed by Dr. Kenny, M.P., and seconded by Mr. Richard Kelly. The chairman, in putting the motion, said the chief part of a nationality, and the reason why a nationality was indestructible, was that there was something worth surviving in the blood of a certain race, that it would come out no matter what fusion might take place from time to time, and when he took the Irishman of today and compared him as far as he could with the Irishman of a thousand years ago, he found that the Irishman of today was as like him as possible. He had his faults and his virtues, and it was by preserving them, save, preserving his faults as much as his virtues that they had preserved their nationality. The moral he would draw from it all, and which he would like to impress on the minds of young Irishmen, was that their nationality would always exist, and that they were Paddies evermore (cheers).

OBITUARY.

MRS. NORA WALSH.

Mrs. Nora Walsh, wife of Officer Robert J. Walsh of the Central Detail, died Friday evening, April 13, at her residence, No. [illegible] Maplewood avenue. The funeral occurred Sunday morning following. Solemn requiem mass for the dead was celebrated at St. Sylves-ter's church, by the Rev. P. J. Agnew, who also delivered an eloquent obituary sermon, dwelling upon the many virtues that had distinguished the deceased. The attendance at the church was exceedingly large. The chief mourners, comprising the immediate and distant relatives of the deceased, occupied the front pews. The floral tributes were elaborate and beautiful. Col. George R. Davis presenting a large cross of flowers composed of lilies and roses; and an exquisite representation of the Gates Ajar, cross and anchor, was presented by her nephew, Lawrence McElligot. At the conclusion of the services at the church the remains were conveyed to Calvary, where they were interred amid every manifestation of respect and sympathy.

AN ENJOYABLE OCCASION.

[*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*]

A pleasant and highly social meeting of friends took place last evening at the restaurant of Madame Leon Lamothe, on St. Charles street, New Orleans. The occasion was a welcome to three prominent Western citizens, including Hon. Edward Conklin, Major W. C. McClure and Mr. James Wallace, the two latter from the World's Fair city. The menu included every dish of the most delicious character. After full justice had been done to the good things on the table then came the flow of reason and the flowing bowl. Mr. Matt Kennedy was called to the chair and acted as toastmaster. "Louisiana, her trades and commerce," was the first toast, responded to by Hon. Edward Conklin, of Wisconsin. The gentleman, in the course of his remarks, congratulated the commonwealth on her prosperity, her splendid growth in commerce and her high standing in the civilization among the great cities of the United States.

The chairman then proposed the toast to the city of New Orleans, the great city of the South, which was rerponded to by Mr. James Wallace. He said it was certainly the most historical city in this country. The immortal Andrew Jackson had crowned his name with glory and honor in the great battle of New Orleans, which has emblazoned his name on the pages of history.

The next toast proposed, "Chicago, the Great World's Fair City," was responded to by Mr. Wm. Murray, G. T. P. A., I. C. R. R. He said that Chicago was the great marvel of the world. Her resources were unbounded and her merchants the most princely. With her present rapid growth and development the day was not far distant when she would occupy a permanent position among the great cities of the world.

The last toast of the evening, "The Women of America," was responded to by the eloquent Major W. C. McClure. He classed the women of this country as peerless in beauty, form, intelligence and courtesy, and commended their self-independence. Poets, orators and historians have honored the womanhood of America. "Can I add more? Can I add one tint to the rainbow or add one lustre to the grand constellation in the heavenly bodies?" he asked, "for Nature has furnished all these graces to the beautiful women of America."

At the conclusion of the Major's speech, Hon. Edward Conklin rose and said that he had a very pleasing duty to perform. He was requested, on behalf of a few friends, to present Major W. C. McClure with a beautiful gold watch and chain. "Mr. McClure," remarked the speaker, "is well known to this city and highly esteemed for his many good traits of heart and mind."

The Major responded feelingly and was evidently taken with much surprise at this mark of high esteem.

At the conclusion of the festivities a toast was proposed to the officers of the Illinois Central Railroad company, which was heartily responded to by all present, after which the company adjourned, having enjoyed a highly social occasion.

SEVENTH REGIMENT NOTES.

The orders heretofore issued regarding the encampment of the Seventh Infantry are revoked. They will, therefore, report at Camp Lincoln, Springfield, Ill., on July 21 instead of the July 24.

Corporal James Hinchey, Company B, has been promoted sergeant, vice O'Connell, reduced.

The committee having charge of the annual picnic, which takes place at Ogden's Grove on July 4, are working hard to make it a success, and it promises to eclipse anything given in former years.

The armory of the Seventh has been condemned by the building inspectors and the Board of Underwriters, and the members of the regiment are compelled to drill on the Lake Front. It is rather discouraging to them to be without an armory, but as this is only one of the many difficulties they have had to contend with, and which they have successfully overcome, they will overcome this also. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when they will own an armory, and that it will be the finest in the West.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

"O'DONNELL ABOO."

Story of How Red Hugh O'Donnell Defeated General Sir Conyers Clifford's Army in the Curlew Mountains.

BY STANDISH O'GRADY, IN "THE BOG OF STARS."

CHAPTER XI.

FIGHT ON THE BOG SIDE.

It was eleven of the clock, a clear and bright forenoon, all nature well washed and glittering from the heavy rainfall of the preceding night.

Now began in right earnest the conflict which is called the Battle of the Curlew Mountains. Many a battle had been fought upon this famous road as far back as the bright semi-fabulous epoch of Queen Meave, and far beyond. By this road Ulster invaded Connacht, and Connacht, Ulster. Here defenders had the advantage, and many a fierce conflict had been fought and won upon these brown bogs. The great John de Courcy, and his ally Cathal Red-Hand,* passed this way to fight William Fitz Adelm de Burgh, patriarch of all the Irish Burkes. By this road, too, a son of the Red-Hand, fleeing before the face of the children of William, once lifted all his people bodily out of Connacht, seeking shelter with Red Hugh's ancestors. Many a famous march and battle had been enacted in these celebrated mountains, which now for the first time rang with the thunder of modern weapons of war. So the descriptive energy of our "Four Masters" is not quite so redundant and uncalled for as we might imagine, when they pause amid their *fasti* to supply a picture of this new form of martial terror:

"As to the vanguard (Ratcliffe's gunmen) they kept on advancing till they met the foreign battalions," Red Hugh's Tir-Connallians under MacDermot. "When they came close together, MacDermot's men cast forth at them a destructive pouring rain of their well-shaped ashen spears; flights of sharp-pointed arrows shot from their long, strong and effective bows, and thick volleys of red-flaming flashes and of hot fiery balls of lead from their perfectly straight and sure-aiming guns.† These shooting volleys were answered by Ratcliffe's warriors, and their reports and echoes and resounding thunders were heard in woods and in waters, and in the castles and stone buildings of all surrounding territories. Marvellous that the weak-hearted, yea, and the brave, too, deed not flee from the conflict, hearing such battle-clangor, and the thunderings and echoings of that powerful firing, for on both sides champions were pierced and heroes slain."

Mark here, as elsewhere, the beautiful impartiality of our noble "Four Masters." Few, if any, historians ever rivalled them in generosity and magnanimity, such their heroic love of heroism, of manly or womanly virtue, no matter what its origin or the cause in which it was exhibited. The Protestant and the Catholic, the Englishman and the Irishman, the Milesian chief, and Norman-Irish noble, or English courtier fresh from the Queen's smiles—all in strict proportion to their worth or unworth—are stigmatized or praised in their pure and ardent pages. Modern historians of that temper we need, and I hope yet will have as magnanimous, as just, and as veracious as that famous mediæval Four.

The Royalist vanguard, now well deployed, soon settled down steadily to their warlike work—steadily, though the nature of the ground was anything but favorable to straight shooting, and many a brave soldier, as he levelled his piece, found it hard even to keep his feet in the yielding soil. Under the eyes of the president and the whole army, Ratcliffe's men deployed, took rank, and fired; loaded, advanced, and fired again, ever advancing and ever firing, and the Tir-Connallians, spite their showers of arrows and spears, and the "thick volleys of red-flaming flashes" with which they responded, began to fall back, their steady ranks wavering, trembling, as it were, towards breakage and dispersion. The men had not expected that they would be required to fight *a outrance* with Clifford's whole army now fast emerging from the wood, and getting into position behind their vanguard. They believed, and no doubt rightly believed, that their commander's instructions had been to fight and fall back, and expected momentarily to hear the bugles sing retreat. But MacDermot perceived that his handful might even so, by determined valor, defeat and destroy all Clifford's army. Could he but beat Ratcliffe and the vanguard, and drive them back in confusion upon the convoy, and then double up the convoy and the vanguard together upon the battle, what might not happen in such obstructed ground to an army left bare of its horse and encumbered with its own weight? At all events he saw his opportunity, and would not have the bugles sing retreat at all but advance if anything, and the war-pipes shriek only battle and onfall. Nothing loath, the pipers stepped out and piped.

They were brave men, these pipers. The modern military band retires as its regiment goes into action. But the piper went on before his men and piped them into the thick of battle. He advanced, sounding his battle-pibroch, and stood in the ranks of war while men fell round him. Derrick in his "Image of Ireland," about this date, gives a wood-cut representing a battle. In the forefront of the Irish lies a slain figure reflecting little credit on the artist, but under which Derrick writes "pyper," well aware that the fall of the musician was an event of importance second only to that of a considerable officer. So in the State papers we often read such entries as this: "Slew Hugh, son of Hugh, twenty-five of his men, and two pipers." "Slew Art O'Connor and his piper." A bastard brother of Black Thomas of Ormond gives a long list name by name of the rebels whom he slew. Divers pipers are specially mentioned, and in such a manner as to indicate that the slayer was particularly proud of such achievements.

So here upon the brown bog Red Hugh's pipers stood out beyond their men sounding wild and high the battle-pibrochs of the north with hearts and hands brave as any in the wild work, and the bugles sang only battle, rang battle, on fall and victory in men's hearts and ears, and the awful music of the oaths out-sang all other sounds, out-pealed the bugle-calls and battle-pibrochs, the thundering of the captains rose above the thundering of the guns. Up and down, to and fro ran these, adjuring and menacing, striking and beating back the runaways. Hither and thither with swords drawn ran the Irish officers, MacDermot, lord of the Curlews, and Red Hugh's foster-brother, McSweeny of the Battle-Axes, and the two O'Gallaghers, Eocha and Tully. To and fro, up and down the wavering ranks they rushed thundering abuse, protestations, and many a fierce Irish oath and curse; raising high the sacred name of Mary. Mary, not O'Donnell a-boo seems to have been the war-cry that day. Behind the wavering gunmen stood the lowering mailed figure of the young Oxonian, Brian Ogue and his century and a half of ranked gallow-glasses, their long weapons levelled, not likely to show cowards any mercy. Silent and steady they stood to rear of all the battle-clangor and confusion, a mass, though a small one, of valor educated and trained to the point of perfection; clad in complete steel, ready to go on or go back at a word from their young chieftain, not at all ready to loose rank in either movement—flower of the Brennymen, "very great scorners of death." And again rearward upon some eminence stood famous Red Hugh, if we could only contrive to see him, with his blue flashing eyes and notorious fiery locks escaped from the helmet falling on his mailed shoulders, his countenance which "no one could see without loving," not now soft, bright and amiable as the Four Masters beheld it when they were boys, but stern and minatory. Somewhere far off stood Red Hugh with his brothers, brave Rory, afterwards Earl, one of the two who made the Flight of the Earls and closed a great chapter of Irish history; and Manus the well-beloved, who was to die at home in Tir-Connall, slain by the hand of his own rough cousin Nial Garf: and Cath-barr, "Top of Battle," youngest of the famous four.

Then near at hand, just in the rear of the fighting men, rode O'Rourke's bard, and MacDermot's, and Red Hugh's as close as they might to the field of battle, noting who were the brave and who the recreant. The public entertain a very false notion of the mediæval bard. They picture him as an old bent man, with flowing white beard, sad, bowed down in spirit, but flashing up under the influence of liquor and the spell of poetic rage, a humble weight receiving gifts which were a sort of alms. Such is our modern romantic conception of the bard. The real bard was a high-spirited, proud, and even wealthy man, chief of a sept, and lord of extensive estates, holding the same by right and not by grace. If he received gifts and favors he gave them, and his well-replenished house was open to all comers. He was a gentleman, and ranked with the best. When he went abroad he was as well mounted and attended as other chiefs. He had men of war to wait on him, though he himself wore no arms, and never fought, for fighting was not his function but the causing of others to fight well. He carried no harp, and no orphan boy carried one for him, and though he made poems and knew poems by the hundred, he was no reciter. He went to the wars as an observer and watcher, and men feared him. Somewhere, I say, in the neighborhood of the battle such bards, mounted on fleet steeds, watched the progress of the fray, noting who were the heroes and who the poltroons. And still in the brown bog the captains thundered and the bugles rang battle, and the banners rang defiance and advance, and the war-pipes sounded their shrillest and maddest, the brave pipers standing out well in advance of the fighters. Again, through the hearts of the wavering Tir-Canallians the fading battle-fire blazed out anew; again, with firm mien and unbroken ranks they stood steady to their war-work and hurled their rain of spears and arrows, and levelled and fired their "perfectly straight and sure-aiming guns" upon the advancing Royalists.

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*"Cahal Mor, of the Wine-Red Hand," into whose heart God hath breathed more piety and virtue than into any of the Irish of his time."—*Four Masters.*

†I believe it is to this battle that Mangan refers in his poem of "The Dark Rosaleen," when he puts the following words into Red Hugh's mouth:

"And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die
My dark Rosaleen."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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Against a man's happiness by his stomach, the enemy may be pacified and brought speedily and easily to terms. That potent regulator of digestion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, disciplines the rebellious organ thoroughly. Indigestion arises from weakness of the stomach, and the food in it, for want of the power to digest, decomposes and acidifies, giving rise to heartburn, flatulence and pain, besides a multitude of symptoms both changeful and perplexing. But peace soon reigns when the great stomachic is resorted to and used with persistence. Dyspepsia gives rise to morbid discomposure of mind, and even sleeplessness and hypochondria in chronic cases. To the complete dismissal of these the Bitters is fully adequate. Liver complaint, constipation, debility, rheumatism and malaria are completely subdued by this genial medicine.

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Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

The Vale of Minnekahta

Is the title of a beautifully illustrated booklet recently issued, descriptive of the Hot Springs, South Dakota, and the efficacy of their waters for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred diseases. Copy of this pamphlet will be mailed free by W. A. THRALL, General Passenger Agent Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago., Ill., upon receipt of request, enclosing two-cent stamp.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

Did You See It?

Of course we mean the World's Fair. Whether you did or not you wan to preserve a souvenir of the most beautiful scene this earth has witnessed.

The Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," is issuing the finest and most complete World's Fair Portfolio, each containing reproductions of sixteen splendid photographs of large size. The series will consist of sixteen parts, followed by a special part devoted to Niagara Falls, Macinac Island and other gems of American Scenery, and will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents per part.

You can get these at the Michigan Central Ticket Office, No. 67 Clark st., or by addressing, with remittance, Frank J. Bramhall, Advertising Agent Michigan Central, 402 Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill.

Playing Cards.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

HINDOO CREMATION.

THEY BURN THE BODIES OF THEIR DEAD IN THE OPEN AIR.

A Strange and Sanitary Mode Which Has Been Practiced by Them For Thousands of Years—The Blessed State From the Hindoo Standpoint.

Although we are beginning to believe more and more every year in cremation and think ourselves accordingly advanced, the Hindoos have practiced it for thousands of years. The funeral pile of a rajah sometimes costs lacs of rupees. A Hindoo body is sometimes burned when 3 rupees cover the entire expenses. The rich Hindoo may be somewhat exclusive. The Hindoo masses do everything simply and openly. They bathe out of doors, they pray out of doors, they cook out of doors, they die out of doors and their bodies are burned out of doors. There are three burning ghats in Calcutta.

A writer to the Pall Mall Budget tells very entertainingly of a visit she made to one of the cheapest and most primitive of these three.

Just as she entered into the inclosure where a burning ghat was in full operation there was a crack—a sharp retort like a pistol. The heat had just broken through a dead man's skull. It was the last human part to protest against the extinguishment of death.

The funeral pile of a poor Hindoo looks like an ordinary kitchen yard wood pile. But if you go up close to it you discover something very like a human form, a glowing, charred mass, distinguished from every other shape, animate or inanimate, for the Hindoos literally purify their dead by fire. The body is burned until absolutely nothing remains but a handful of ashes, ashes wholly free from any unclean or poisonous matter. As the writer was closely observing the glowing pile a new body was brought in and the rite began.

Two coolies carried the body upon a rude litter, woven from coarse grasses and held together by outlines of bamboo. Two of the dead man's brothers followed, chatting pleasantly. Four stout sticks of wood were driven upright into the ground, at the corners of an imaginary parallelogram about six feet by two. Between these four posts were loosely laid sticks of dry, cheap wood. When the pile was a little more than three feet high, the body was laid upon it. A dirty piece of crash, of the quality the coolies wear about their loins, partly wrapped the dead. One of the brothers stepped up and poured about four ounces of oil over the body. This insured a quicker cremation, but was something of a luxury and not a universal practice. The oil must have cost about three pice. The other brother paid the coolies, who shouldered the light, empty litter and marched gayly out.

More wood was piled upon the dead. A thin stick was lighted at the other funeral pile, which was now flaming fiercely, the second pile was lighted, and the cremation of the newcomer was begun. The two brothers appeared very interested in the igniting and decidedly pleased when it was accomplished. They squatted down upon the ground, just so far from the pile that they might feel that their scant, filthy garments were fairly safe from the sparks, but near enough to watch all the changing phases of the cremation and to see easily when it was consummated.

They untied a dirty rag from about a small bundle one of them had brought with them. They took out a small earthen bowl. It was clean and shining, and so was the brass chattee each lifted from his filthily turbaned head. The chattees held water. The bowl held curry and rice. They fell to eating with gusto. And, pray, why not? They were eating to live. Their brother was burning to live—to live in Hindoo paradise. From the Hindoo point of view this state was far more blessed.

The cremation which was in full blast when the writer arrived was finally completed. Two distinct kinds of ashes were left. The human ashes were carefully gathered into an old chattee. The authorities do not allow those ashes to be thrown into the river, and they are never thrown there in the presence of Europeans. The ashes of the wood were swept swiftly away. The bits of wood not quite burned were frugally collected to be utilized in the next pile.

The correspondent also tells of a visit to a burning ghat after sundown. "Night," she goes on, "is the time of Hindoo leisure, as indeed it is of most primitive peoples. The inclosure was crowded with burning piles.

"We sailed down the Ganges. The outlines of the attendants of the dead and of the funeral pile were sharply silhouetted against the black background of the dark night by the flames of the grewsome death fires. And from that part of the shore sacred to Hindoo worship came the shrieking and the songs of many thousand half mad devotees.

"In a primitive part of interior India I once saw a maharajah's funeral pile. It had cost a positive fortune. It was built of expensive spicy woods and saturated with costly oils. It was richly gilded, and the dead was wrapped in embroidered silken sheets. For miles the air was sweet and pungent and thick with the perfumed smoke. I remember having thought when a child that the literally sweetest experience I ever had was the attending of a high mass at St. Peter's in Rome. But now I must own that the sweetest smell I ever smelled was the burning of a maharajah's funeral pile."

Stopped His Laugh.

A man began to laugh immoderately over some amusing narrative and finally, to his dismay, was conscious that he could not stop. The doctor had given him up, and the family were gathering around in expectation of the end when a telegram arrived saying that his wife's mother was coming to make a short visit. He was saved and has laughed no more.—London Tit-Bits.

No. 1893 Men's Size. The World's Fair Watch. Solid Gold Decorated Watch. 14k. Gold Filled Case. Price $25.00.

No. 1893 is a genuine Waltham watch in one of the handsomest cases ever made. The works are nickel and contain compensation balance, safety pinion, stem wind and set and all the greatest improvements. The case is one of the thinnest filled gold watch cases ever made. Remember, we mean that the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. The works are especially recommended where the most accurate time is required. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, railroadmen and all others who wish a really first-class article. The full-size figure of Columbus on the back is made of raised solid gold. In his hand he holds a flag. On the front is a raised gold representation of the western hemisphere which is accurate in every detail. Around this "world" is a solid gold wreath. We shall withdraw this offer very soon because there are very few of these watches left. The supply will probably be exhausted by Dec. 1. Returnable in three days if not as guaranteed. Price, including safe delivery, only $25, in hunting case, and $23 in open face. Address

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THE BLACK DEATH.

Its Dreadful Visitation to England In the Fourteenth Century.

In England during the black death's first and most dreadful visitation in 1348-9 it was noticed that it carried off an enormous number of the laborers in the country villages, the poor and the workmen in the towns, the monks and nuns and friars—that is, all that portion of the population who were ill housed, ill clothed, ill nurtured, or, like those in the religious houses, lived habitually upon an insufficient diet, among whom the practice of asceticism in various forms tended to bring about a weakening of their stamina and their vital power.

On the other hand, the mortality among the clergy was far in excess of that among any other class, and this can be attributed only to their noble self sacrifice in the discharge of their ministerial duties among their parishioners. Breathing day and night the pestilential air, working heroically among the people in every stage of the disease, comforting the dying and burying the dead in the huge pits that were dug to contain the putrid corpses, the priests dropped by thousands into the same graves in which they had helped to lay their people, and before the year was out the supply of clergy had begun to fall short very seriously over all the land.

At Florence, Boccaccio tells us, "it became necessary to dig trenches, into which the bodies were put by hundreds, laid in rows, as goods packed in a ship. A little earth was cast upon each successive layer until the pits were filled to the top." At Avignon several, almost as soon as they were seized with the sickness, "were carried off to the pit and buried. And in this way many were buried alive." At Vienna "the dead were buried in trenches, each of which, according to one chronicle, contained some 6,000 corpses." In London Sir Walter Manny provided a new cemetery, more than 13 acres in extent, "in respect of the danger that might befall in this time of so great a plague and infection."—Athenæum.

A Joke on Longfellow.

A good story of Poet Longfellow is told by the Bath (Me.) Independent. Theodore S. McLellan was foreman of the printing establishment of Joseph Griffin when Longfellow, then living in the Barrows' house, issued his first volume of poems and worked on the book. Longfellow was very painstaking with his manuscript and always used to send in the copy for each form nicely stitched together. To distribute it among the compositors it had to be cut apart. This annoyed the poet greatly, and he protested earnestly against the mutilation. Three different proof sheets were sent him, it being understood that if the last proof was not returned to the office within half an hour the form could be struck off. On one occasion Longfellow wrote on the back of the first revise:

Mr. Griffin, Mr. Griffin!
If you let that "devil," Theodore,
Cut my copy any more,
I'll destroy him in a jiffin.

The lines were set up and printed in the final revise, which was sent to the poet, and then taken out. The boy had hardly reached the office when Longfellow rushed in, white with excitement and fear, lest the form had been run off. His relief on discovering that he was the victim of a practical joke may be imagined better than described.

A Sensitive Man.

Writer—The editor of The Laughers' Own is the most sensitive man I ever saw.

Friend—In what respect?

Writer—He can't take a joke.

Friend—I never observed it.

Writer—Well, I have. I took a dozen good ones to him today, and he rejected every one of them.—Detroit Free Press.

Rather a Lucky Omen.

"Are you superstitious?" he asked of the man who likes money.

"Not that I know of."

"But haven't you your little aversions—for instance, don't you feel like avoiding the figure 13?"

"Sometimes, but not if it has a dollar mark in front of it."—Washington Star.

SENATORS WEARY.

Democrats Tire of the Debate on the Tariff.

AN URGENT CALL TO BE SENT OUT,

Summoning the Absentees to the First Struggle for Expedition—Will Try for Longer Hours of Work—Another Revision of the Bill Mooted in Behalf of the Dissatisfied, Who Have Been Asked to Note Desired Changes.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—A conference begun last week of Democratic senators on the tariff was continued in the room of the senate committee on appropriations yesterday, Cockrell, Jones of Arkansas, Gorman, Vest and Harris being among those present. They decided among other things to summon absent Democratic senators so as to have them here by Wednesday, when the bill is to be taken up by paragraphs, to support the finance committee in any effort it may make to crowd the bill towards its passage. They agreed to begin this work by trying to get an extension of the daily hours for debate and authorized Harris to ask tomorrow for the continuation of debate until 6 o'clock each day, instead of 5 o'clock, the hour of closing under the present agreement.

More Changes in the Bill Proposed.

There is no room for doubt that the conference also considered the advisability of amending the bill so as to make it acceptable to Democratic senators who now find the bill distasteful to them; but the senators who were in the conference were very reticent on this point. There was abundant confirmation, however, of the report heretofore sent out that the Democratic members of the finance committee are considering the advisability of revising the bill in various particulars, and have called other Democratic senators into consultation with them. They have asked the dissatisfied element of the party in the senate to put in writing the changes which will make the bill satisfactory to them and will use this proposition when formulated as a basis for an agreement, which they think can be effected.

The Republican Position Indicated.

Aldrich was asked what course the Republican senators would pursue when the Democrats should move to secure an extension of the present hours. He said that they would resist because the hours are now as long as the senate usually sits, and because it was early in the debate to begin the physical test which it is expected on all hands will come later in the proceedings.

VACCINATION AND SMALLPOX.

Report of the Secretary of the Illinois Board of Health.

CHICAGO, April 24.—At the regular quarterly meeting of the state board of health held here today Secretary Scott submitted his report which shows that out of 3,152 school districts heard from, having a total enrollment of 73,061 pupils, 67,241 have complied with the order of the board regarding vaccination, being 92 per cent. of the entire enrollment.

The secretary's report regarding smallpox shows that close watch is being kept on the pest and all means are being taken for its eradication. Secretary Scott says the epidemic seems to have reached its height. March 1 over the entire country there were 219 infected centers in twenty-one states. Later advices show eighty-three infected centers in eleven additional states. In Illinois outside of Chicago there have been sixty-four cases and twelve deaths. In Chicago from Jan. 1 to April 21 there have been 962 cases.

Republican League Committee.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—The Republican League executive committee, with representatives from nearly all the states, met here and formulated plans for the Denver convention on June 26. Committees were appointed, one of which will secure low fares to the gathering. The sense of the meeting was overwhelmingly in favor of a change in the method of representation in Republican national conventions. A conference on a plan of political work was held with the leaders. Mrs. J. Ellen Foster expressed her views by invitation.

Too Sleepy for a Deputy Marshal.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 24.—William Kunz, arrested at Danville for robbing a mail pouch, while being taken to Cairo for trial in the federal court escaped from Deputy United States Marshal Etherton. Etherton fell asleep. Kunz's hands were manacled. Dan Close, also of Danville, indicted for the same offense as Kunz, escaped also from Etherton while being taken to Cairo. Etherton again falling asleep. Close's handcuffs were left on the train and the manacles binding his feet had been unlocked.

Confessed a Foul Murder.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., April 24.—The mystery of the McKendrick murder, which occurred here Jan. 17, is solved by the confession of Henry Prame, who was arrested near Libertyville, Ills., where he was working on a farm. When he was arraigned in court he pleaded guilty and gave all the particulars of the crime, telling how he and Charles Macard bound and gagged the old lady, took $600 from her bosom and left her to die of suffocation.

Griffo and Griffin Fight a Draw.

BOSTON, April 24.—About 300 persons witnessed the fight between young Griffo, the Australian, and John T. Griffin, of Brockton, for the featherweight championship. The fight was a rattling one and Griffo, although outclassed, had the best of it. But the conditions were if both men were on their feet at the end of the eighth round it would be a draw and it was so declared.

Governor Altgeld at Eureka Springs.

EUREKA SPRINGS, Ark., April 24.—Gov. Altgeld, of Illinois, accompanied by his wife and private secretary, Dr. Charles A. Pogue, has arrived in this city on his way home from Biloxi, Miss., where he has been for several weeks. He is greatly improved in health, and his party will remain in this city several days.

Shocking Accident at Bessemer.

BESSEMER, Mich., April 24.—While examining a loaded self-cocking revolver Mrs. John Gest accidentally shot her husband dead. She immediately became violently insane and died in great agony five hours later.

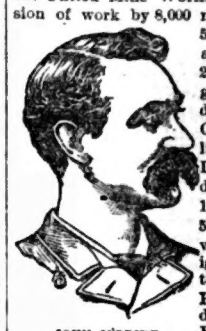
Was the Mother of Seventeen Children.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 24.—Mrs. Rebecca Smith died here, aged 82 years. Deceased was the mother of seventeen children.

OVER 125,000 MEN IDLE.

The Great National Strike of Coal Miners Is Now On.

COLUMBUS, O., April 23.—The latest reports received by President McBride of the United Mine Workers show suspension of work by 8,000 men in Alabama; 5,000 in Tennessee and Kentucky, 2,000 in West Virginia; 5,000 in Indiana; 26,000 in Ohio; 25,000 in Illinois; 1,300 in Iowa; 2,000 in Indian territory; 1,300 in Missouri; 50,000 in Pennsylvania; 300 in Michigan, making a total 125,900. P. H. Penna, vice president, and John Fahey, members of the executive board and who are in Illinois, telegraph as follows: "Murphysboro, the supposed key to the situation in southern Illinois, is out solid; also Duquesne district. Everything favorable; 2,600 men."



JOHN M'BRIDE.

Reports from New and Kanawha rivers indicate that many are out and an early suspension all along the line. Wheeling and Moundsville have been offered the old price as demanded but have been notified not to work until a general settlement has been made. Southern Iowa is out, but a general stoppage will not take place till after the state miners' convention to be held at Albia May 2. Maryland miners hold a general massmeeting next Thursday to determine whether to join in the suspension. Every mine in the Indian Territory has suspended. The Indiana block miners will join after May 1. In West Virginia daily meetings have been arranged and says a message from Edmund Thomas: "Things are hopeful."

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 23.—J. A. Crawford, state president of the United Mine Workers of America, received reports from the state at large, showing 24,000 miners now on strike out of 33,000 in Illinois. The Peoria district is virtually out. The Danville district is out to a man and southern Illinois is completely tied up. This district is out with four exceptions and these will be out soon. John McBride, national president, has wired Mr. Crawford the following general order:

"This fight being for living wages is a general one and no local settlement will be authorized or recognized until a general settlement is determined. The following rule must be observed: Coal must not be loaded at any price or for any purpose. When a company want engines run, water hauled, teaming and other work, or repairs, it will be permitted provided the wages for same are according to the scale demanded by the national convention." The operators here admit the situation to be serious.

DANVILLE, Ill., April 23.—None of the miners of the Consolidated Coal company, Grape Creek or Kellyville, went to work. These, together with the Fairmont men, constitute the greater number of miners in the Danville field. A few of the smaller mines are still running. None of them have any grievance excepting the Kellyville miners who have been paid half their wages in store cdecks. The strike is out of sympathy, and they say they will not go to work even if their pay is raised. Three large lodges of the United Mine Workers were organized.

BELLEVILLE, April 23.—The coal miners of the Belleville district at a meeting at which the great strike in the coal mining regions was fully discussed, have determined not to strike. They have also determined not to mine any coal to be used in filling contracts entered upon by operators whose employes are on a strike. This action will insure coal for home industries and for the St. Louis market.

KNOCKOUT FOR TILLMAN.

South Carlina Liquor Dispensary Law Declared Unconstitutional.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 19.—The Tillman state dispensary liquor law has been declared unconstitutional by the supreme court of South Carolina, two justices concurring and one (Tillmanite) member of the supreme bench dissenting.

The decision was rendered by Chief Justice McIver, Justice McGowan assenting. Justice Pope (the Tillman justice) dissents. The decision was rendered in a composite case composed of a case originating in Darlington and appealed to the supreme court by the state authorities and of several minor cases likewise appealed by the state.

The ground on which the law is declared unconstitutional is that it creates a monopoly for the state. Justice McIver's decision declares the law unconstitutional in nearly every respect; especially holds that it cannot be upheld on any vital point. The profit to the state feature is declared vicious. Governor Tillman says he is not talking; that it is time only for action.

Trains Running on the Great Northern.

ST. PAUL, April 23.—Trains were sent out from this city on time and the Great Northern officials say they expect no further trouble. They expect the through trains to go right on to Great Falls, Mont., without interruption. As yet there is no sign of the expected conference and nothing definite is known as to when it will be held. Nine strikers were arraigned before United States Commissioner Spencer, charged with obstructing the mails.

Tramps Killed in a Wreck.

VASSAR, Mich., April 20.—A bad wreck occurred on the Bay City division of the Michigan Central railroad by which two men were killed and another fatally injured. Three tramps were riding on a flat car and fell under a heavily loaded merchandise car. Two of them named Brown and Dalabo were instantly killed. James Cook was taken out alive, but will die. None of the trainmen was injured.

Jesse Seligman Dead.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 23.—Jesse Seligman of J. and S. Seligman, bankers, New York and London, died at the Hotel Del Coronado of pneumonia and Bright's disease. He came to Coronado four days ago direct from New York with his wife and daughter. His condition had become serious on his arrival that all members of his family were telegraphed for but he died before their arrival.

Deadly Electric Light Wire.

PHILADELPHIA, April 20.—Amos Waters, aged 40 years, and John Richards, aged 48 years, linemen for the Bell Telephone company, were killed by coming into contact with an electric light wire. William Pike and William Hanarach were seriously injured.

SOME CENSUS FIGURES.

NEW YORK THE RICHEST STATE IN THE UNION.

Then Comes Pennsylvania, with Illinois Third—The Increase of Wealth in Illinois More Remarkable Than in Any Other State.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—The census gives some interesting figures relating to the increase of the real estate and personal property of the United States. In 1850 the total valuation was a little over $7,000,000,000, or $308 per capita of population. In 1860 it was $16,000,000,000, or $514 per capita. In 1870 it was $50,000,000,000, or $780 per capita. In 1880 it was $43,500,000,000, or $870 per capita, while in 1890 it was $65,037,091,000, or $1,039 per capita, an increase of 49.02 per cent. in ten years. New York is the richest state in the Union, with $8,500,000,000, Pennsylvania is second with $6,000,000,000, Illinois is third with $5,000,000,000 and Ohio next with nearly $4,000,000,000. Then come in order Massachusetts, California, Missouri, Iowa, Texas, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, Kansas, New Jersey, Nebraska, Kentucky and Colorado.

Iowa First in Live Stock.

In live stock, farm implements and machinery Iowa stands first, Illinois second, New York third, Missouri fourth, Kansas fifth, Ohio sixth, and Pennsylvania seventh. In mines and quarries Pennsylvania leads the list, with Colorado second and California third. In machine shops and mills New York comes first, Pennsylvania second, Massachusetts third, and Illinois fourth. In railways New York leads, Illinois second, Kansas third, Pennsylvania fourth, Texas fifth, Iowa sixth, and Ohio seventh. In the valuation of farm lands and the improvements Illinois stands first, Ohio second, New York third, Pennsylvania fourth, Iowa fifth, Indiana sixth, California seventh, Kansas eighth, Michigan ninth, and Missouri tenth.

Remarkable Increase of Wealth.

The increase of wealth in Illinois has been more remarkable than any other state. In 1850 the total valuation of all real and personal property in Illinois was $156,265,000, in 1860 it was $871,860,282, in 1870 it was $2,121,680,579, in 1880 it was $3,210,000,000, in 1890 it was $5,066,751,719. This remarkable growth is made more apparent by showing the average of wealth per capita of population. In 1850 an equal division of the wealth in the state of Illinois would have given to each inhabitant $183, in 1860 such a division would have given each $1,824. In 1850 Illinois was the seventeenth in the list of states for wealth. In 1860 it was fourth, in 1870 it was fifth, in 1880 it was fourth again and in 1890 it reach the third place.

More Than Indiana and Michigan.

In 1850 it was surpassed by Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Missouri, and Louisiana. In 1890 it is surpassed by New York and Pennsylvania alone. It has almost as much wealth as all the South Atlantic states from Delaware to Florida. It has more than Indiana and Michigan together and as much as Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, and the two Dakotas combined. In 1850, estimating by the value of property per capita, the only states that were less than Illinois were Michigan, Louisiana, Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska. In 1890 the only states that had more wealth per capita of its population (excepting the Pacific coast) are Rhode Island and New York. The District of Columbia also has more.

SMALLPOX CLOSES SCHOOLS.

Presence of the Disease Discovered in Two Chicago School Houses.

CHICAGO, April 23.—Smallpox has broken out in the public schools of the city. Some of them have been closed for several days and will probably not open again until the proper precautions against an epidemic among the children can be taken. Every effort to suppress a public statement of this alarming condition of affairs has been made by the school authorities, but further attempts at concealment are now considered useless or even dangerous, and the information is given out without modification, but with the assurance that, as yet, there is no reason why there should be any general fear among the people.

The presence of the disease in two of the schools in the Tenth ward was discovered early in the week, and on Thursday and Friday the children were dismissed and the schools closed. The schools are the Froebel, Twenty-first and Robey streets, and the Pickard, Hinman street and Oakley avenue. When the schools were closed the scholars were not alarmed by any startling announcement. They were simply told that they would not be obliged to attend school until Monday, and were so dismissed. They probably do not know yet why they were given so many holidays all together.

Big Blaze at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, April 20.—Fire in the Crown Linseed Oil works of the National Linseed Oil company, located at Sixteenth and Clark avenue, destroyed the entire plant of valuable machinery and buildings. The works have been closed nearly ever since they were bought by the linseed oil trust. The loss on the machinery and building will be $400,000, about three-quarters insured. The warehouses have been occupied recently by the Ryan Commission company, who had about $30,000 worth of wheat stored therein. Their loss is fully covered by insurance.

Armed Protection for Workmen.

DETROIT, April 22.—Sixty armed deputies under command of Under Sheriff Archer and 100 policemen are stationed on either side of the city limits line on Jefferson avenue, where work on the water works trench has recommenced. Thirty of the deputies and fifty of the policemen are armed with Winchester rifles and the others carry revolvers and clubs.

Duke Will Still Get the Money.

LONDON, April 23.—In the house of commons A. C. Morton moved that parliament cease paying the annuity of £10,000 granted to the Duke of Edinburg, basing his motion on the ground that the duke is now a German prince. The motion was defeated—67 to 298.

Fatal Fire at Omaha.

OMAHA, April 23.—Lee's hotel was destroyed by fire. J. E. Smith of California Junction, Ia., was burned to death, and C. L. Moline of Ceresco, Neb., jumped from a third-story window and broke his legs. All the other inmates of the hotel escaped.

KELLY MARCHING EASTWARD.

Breaks Camp at Weston and Faces Toward Chicago.

NEOLA, Ia., April 23.—General Kelly has began his "on to Chicago" movement and camped in a little grove just east of Neola, under a blue sky and the warmest weather which his shivering army had seen for three weeks. He ended his day's march with a spectacular welcome which will be the talk of Pottawattamie county for the next decade. His 1,800 commonwealers were escorted over the winding clay road by the farmers, many of whom came twenty-five miles, with brass bands. It was the strangest spectacle Iowa ever saw. Well in front of the long line of battered humanity rolled the eighteen wagons of provisions, loaded heaping full, and as many more wagons were waiting in front of Neola city hall. They were the substantial evidences of the Iowa farmers' movement to feed and care for Kelly's army until the Mississippi flows across the line of march.

The army awoke to find itself in a state of munity. The young general promptly arose to the occasion and before the march eastward was begun a colonel had been striped of his rank and a company of fifty men dismissed from the service.

Warning to Coxeyites.

WASHINGTON, April 23.—The commissioners of the District of Columbia took action on the impending Coxey invasion. After a long executive session and consultation with the attorney for the district, a manifesto was prepared and given out which calls attention to the fact that the right of petition does not extend to the lengths the Coxeyites appear to imagine. Those who meditate coming to the Capitol are warned that only hardship and privation awaits them here, and informs them that no good can come of their proposed pilgrimage.

FRIGHTFUL LOSS OF LIFE.

Awful Effect of the Recent Earthquake in Greece.

ATHENS, April 23.—The effect of the earthquake was frightful. In three villages, Malesina, Proskins and Martino, all in the province of Locris, 129 persons were killed. The mayor of Larymni telegraphs that a heavy shock occurred at Proskins while vesper services were being held in the parish church. The walls of the church fell, burying all the worshipers in the ruins. Hardly a person in the church escaped without injury. Thirty were taken out dead. Houses were thrown down in other parts of the village, and the money loss is very great. Some of the villagers are practically ruined. At Malesina houses tottered and fell as though built of cardboard. In this little village sixty were killed. In some cases entire families, fathers, mothers and children, were taken out of the ruins dead. At Martino thirty-nine persons were killed. Here as at Proskins, the parish church was the scene of the greatest number of fatalities.

In the vicinity of Athens the fatalities were less numerous, but the damage to property is immense. The church of St. Elias, on Castelle hill, between the Piresus and Phalerum, has been racked beyond repair, and the domes, walls, and mosaics of the famous Byzentine church of Daphne are seriously injured. The government will be compelled to adopt extraordinary measures to help the poor in the districts affected. Steps to this end have already been taken and the state authorities are giving quick responses to the calls being made upon them. The total number of deaths thus far reported is 160, but there is scarcely any question that this number will be augmented when the more remote villages are heard from. As this dispatch was being sent from Athens a sharp shock was felt that for a time caused consternation in the telegraph office.

TO GUARD AGAINST SMALLPOX.

Conference of the Health Officers of Three Great States.

ST. PAUL, April 20.—The municipal and state boards of health are actively at work to prevent any smallpox suspects entering this city from Chicago or elsewhere. A conference was called for of the health authorities of the states of Minnesota, Illinois and Wisconsin to be held in Chicago. Dr. Charles N. Hewitt of the state board left for Chicago. Dr. Hewitt will notify all the railroads entering Minnesota that they will be held responsible for the expenses incurred by the importation by them of persons afflicted with this disease. Local authorities have agreed that the Twin Cities shall at once provide for an inspection of all passengers on all trains entering the two cities.

Disaster on the Deep.

MONTEREY, Cal., April 23.—From the latest information to be had here it is to believed that at least six lives were lost from the ship Los Angeles which struck on the rocks of Point Sur. Three bodies have been cast upon the beach near the light house. These are the bodies of Timothy Nolan, fireman of the steamer; —— Fitzgerald, a passenger and a hostler named Saunders from Los Angeles. The youth who died in one of the lifeboats from exposure in the water and while clinging to the rigging was the son of Mrs. Augusta Curtin of Los Angeles. It is also known that S. N. Sheridan, an aged passender from Ventura, and a Chinese steerage passenger from Los Angeles were drowned.

Maney Declared Not Guilty.

CHICAGO, April 23.—Cheers went up in Judge Grosscup's court when the jury returned a verdict of not guilty in the Maney case. Lieutenant James A. Maney threw his arms about his aged mother's neck and kissed her affectionately, and his comrades in arms at Fort Sheridan rushed to his side and wrung his hands in congratulation. The court had forbidden any demonstration, or the soldiers would have borne the accused man from the court room on their shoulders. Mrs. Jennie A. Hedberg, the widow of the late Captain Hedberg, was not present when the verdict was returned and was spared the scene of rejoicing.

Denver Gambling Houses Closed.

DENVER, April 23.—The forty odd gambling houses in Dever were all promptly closed in compliance with the order of the new police judge. Some of them are making arrangements to carry on business beyond the city limits. Pool rooms are still running.

Verdict of Not Guilty.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 23.—After being out all night the jury in the Lawrence murder case brought in a verdict of not guilty. There is much excitement and fears for the old man's safety are apprehended.

ILLINOIS STATE NEWS.

ITEMS OF INTEREST RECEIVED BY TELEGRAPH

Happenings in the Prairie State Given in a Column by Themselves Where They Can Be Easily Perused by Our Own People—Review of a Week.

LITCHFIELD, April 21.—Ten years ago Robert and Martha Stout, husband and wife, were accused of committing a criminal assault upon the person of Amanda Lock. The grand jury of this county found a true bill against them. The case was tried before Judge Phillips, now a member of the supreme court bench. The evidence was to the effect that Mrs. Stout helped to hold Mrs. Lock while Stout committed the outrage. Stout escaped from the officers and was not found, but Mrs. Stout was tried and found guilty and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Judge Phillips set aside the verdict and ordered a new trial. The second trial resulted in acquittal. This was ten years ago. Mrs. Lock, who lives in Hillsboro, has gone to the attorney for the defendants and confessed that her suit was brought for blackmail; that she had never been assaulted, and that during the last decade she had lived in terrible mental misery, the result of a stinging conscience. She says that she has made her peace with her God, and that she has tried for ten years to bring herself to the point of confession, and has only now succeeded.

WOMEN ON ILLINOIS TICKETS.

Benton Elects a Fair Board of Education—At Other Places.

BENTON, Ill., April 23.—The most exciting election ever held in this city was the one held to re-elect a board of education. There were two tickets in the field, one composed of gentlemen, the other having three ladies and four gentlemen. The ladies of the city took quite an active part. The ladies' ticket was elected by majorities ranging from 49 to 91.

MOWEAQUA, Ill., April 23.—At the school election held for president and members of the board of education the ticket composed entirely of ladies was defeated by the business men's ticket. A large number of ladies voted and almost solidly for the business men.

OLNEY, Ill., April 23.—The school election was hotly contested and resulted in the election of David Horner by a majority of 43 over N. Niblo. Mrs. Nancy Peters was also a candidate and received 98 votes.

Illinois State Board of Charities.

SPRINGFIELD, April 20.—At the regular meeting of the state board of charities the time was mainly occupied with a preparation of a list of visitors to county jails and alms houses. The list will contain the nomes of three persons from each county in the state, who will serve without pay. The financial record for the last quarter was presented. It shows the total number of inmates in the eleven charitable institution of thestate to have been 9,110. The total cost for mantenance for the quarter was $298,462.53. The cost to the state was $273,693.31. The average gross cost per capita for maintenance was $30.66.

Too Sleepy for a Deputy Marshal.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 24.—William Kunz, arrested at Danville for robbing a mail pouch, while being taken to Cairo for trial in the federal court escaped from Deputy United States Marshal Etherton. Etherton fell asleep. Kunz's hands were manacled. Dan Close, also of Danville, indicted for the same offense as Kunz, escaped also from Etherton while being taken to Cairo. Etherton again falling asleep. Close's handcuffs were left on the train and the manacles binding his feet had been unlocked.

The Peoria Water Tower Disaster.

PEORIA, Ills., April 20.—Coroner Hoefer concluded the inquest on the death of Frank Hogan, one of the victims of the water tower disaster, and the jury brought in a verdict finding the city authorities who were in power at the time of the building of the tower to be criminally liable from the fact that experts testified that the material used in the construction of the tower was not of sufficient strength to withstand the immense pressure of 500,000 gallons of water.

No Law for a Vote on License.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 20.—Attorney General Moloney has rendered an opinion that there is no law in the Illinois statutes authorizing the authorities of cities and towns to submit the question of license; that it is done presumably to feel the public pulse in the matter, but if the voters vote for or against license it has no binding force in law upon the authorities, and they may grant or refuse license according to their own views.

Was the Mother of Seventeen Children.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., April 24.—Mrs. Rebecca Smith died here, aged 82 years. Deceased was the mother of seventeen children.

International Boat Race.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., April 23.—The much talked of international boat race between the champion college crews of this country and England, which has been discussed each season for so many years, is, according to current report, likely to take place this year. The story goes that Oxford has sent word to Yale and Harvard that she would be glad to race in England in September the winner of the Yale-Harvard race. The proposition is that the American crew shall go to England in August and the race will be rowed on the Thames as soon after as practicable.

Murder at a School Debate.

LIMA, O., April 20.—During a hot school debate Saturday night near Winchester blows were passed and a free fight begun in which Nathan Mansfield was stabbed to death, Edward Carroll had his head crushed and Henry Steman had his brains beaten out by a club in the hands of a pupil. Besides these half a dozen others were carried home. Several warrants have been sworn out by the board of education, which has employed detectives to ferret out the instigators of the affair.

Nichols Law Unconstitutional.

CINCINNATI, April 23.—Judge Taft of the United States court rendered a decision against the constitutionality of the Nichols law, which authorizes the taxation of the capital stock of telephone, telegraph and express companies in proportion to their portion of their property located in the state. The judge held that the law attempted to tax the capital stock at its market value which is clearly unconstitutional.

CONDENSED NEWS.

History of the Week Given in Brief Paragraphs.

Mrs. Orville Grant, sister-in-law of General Grant, died in East Orange, N. J., last week.

Citizenship has been restored to Levi L. Pottgel of Forreston, Ills., who served a year in the Joliet penitentiary for larceny.

Charles A. Proffit was kicked to death by a horse at Pana, Ills.

James L. Huffman, a well known farmer living near Assumption, Ills., dropped dead from apoplexy.

Miss Hattie Miller of Indianapolis, died from a ruptured blood vessel while going through calisthenic exercises at Rockville, Ind.

Myron Marrow, son of the owner of the brick and tile factory at Barnes City, Ia., was thrown into the mud grinder by the sudden lunge of a horse and fatally injured.

Louis Knorr of St. Louis shot and killed himself in Boston. He left a note saying that his life had been full of disappointment and that his wife, Mary Knorr, was at 505 South Halsted street, Chicago.

The highest score ever made by twenty men in military team shooting was made by members of Company C of the First Infantry regiment of the California National guards at San Francisco. The team scored 865 points out of a possible 1,000.

* * *

W. L. Corbin, who left Xenia, O., a few days ago penniless, is being sought by relatives who want to give him $300,000 left him by an uncle who died in the East Indies.

An explosion from unknown causes demolished Mrs. Louise M. Mohn's house in Los Angeles, Cal. It is believed two bodies are in the ruins.

The Hmerican Glucose company has made the official announcement that twelve men died in the fire that burned the works at Buffalo. Others are believed to be in the ruins.

Charles Moody, an Alexandria, Ind., barber, was killed by a Lake Erie and Western freight train near Anderson.

Since Lord Rosebery became premier there has been a good demand in England for his volume on Pitt in the "English Statesmen Series." During March it was one of the best selling books that the shops had.

Rev. Samuel Rothermel of Monument City, Ind., swore out warrants for nine young men, who pelted him with eggs in church because his style of oratory did not please them.

* * *

Henry Montgomery, a negro, was lynched near Lewisburg, Tenn.

The eleventh encampment of the New Mexico G. A. R. is about to meet at Albuquerque. Ex-Governor Fairchild of Wisconsin will attend.

While returning from a visit Mrs. Winkler of Newman, Ills., had occasion to nurse her child. When she reached home it was dead.

By a party vote of 76 to 49 the New York bi-partisan police bill passed the house at Albany.

Ira L. Miller was found dead in Payne county, Ok., with two bulletholes in his body and a man named Hooker was arrested on suspicion.

Confidence men have been swindling Iowa farmers by buying their lands, giving a large check in payment and getting the difference in cash.

Four saws made out of corset steel and a bottle of acid were found in the Anderson, Ind., jail in time to prevent a delivery.

* * *

Andrew Hernack, wounded in the riot of Poles at Detroit, is dead.

Daniel Stahlcup, living in a crowded tenement, was taken with smallpox at Indianapolis.

"Buffalo Bill" had three steers driven to meet Kelly's "industrial army," which passed through North Platte, Neb. They were not discovered, however, and the army missed some fresh meat that it wanted.

Colonel Breckinridge has engaged the opera house at Lexington, Ky., for a campaign speech May 5.

The Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief of the British army, attained his 75th birthday a few days ago.

Representative Grosvenor of Ohio has introduced a bill to repeal the old law directing the sergeant-at-arms to "dock" the salaries of absent members. Mr. Grosvenor says that the law never can be enforced, and it is better to repeal it than to violate it.

L. W. Walter, Aurora, Ind., and J. W. Johnson, Sterling, Ills., have been appointed to the United States Military academy at West Point.

* * *

An epidemic of measles is threatened at the state normal school of Indiana. There are 1,100 young men and women attending the school.

A company is being organized to build a bridge across the Mississippi from Eagle Point, Ia., to Wisconsin. Dubuque capitalists are largely interested.

Francis Murphy, the temperance reformer, appears to be as popular and effective as ever. He is now conducting a most successful series of temperance meetings in the People's church and Berkeley temple, Boston.

Hezekiah Dickinson, who recently celebrated his 92d birthday anniversary, is said to be the oldest surviving graduate of Amherst college. Both Mr. Dickinson and his father were born in the house where the former now lives, and which was built by his grandfather.

Mayor Denny of Indianapolis renewed his war on the violators of the liquor law by revoking the license issued by George Allen.

My Health is Solid

As a duck's foot in the mud, thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was formerly in a wretched condition, with **Gravel** and **Indigestion.** I paid one physician $42 for attendance and medicines, which gave no relief. I gave up hope of ever being well and just walked about to save **funeral expenses.** Couldn't eat a thing that would stay on my stomach. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it did me good. So I kept on till I have taken fourteen bottles and I am **perfectly**

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

cured. A full statement of [illegible] appeared and I am [illegible] EARNFREST, [illegible]

Hood's Pills are [illegible], biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 66 Dearborn-st.

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All communications and matter intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, APRIL 28, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS

[illegible] announcements for the week beginning Monday evening:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Hoyt's A Milk White Flag."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.

Southwest Corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Hermann.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Camille D'Arville Opera Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag."

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Randolph-street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Lady Windermere's Fan."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.

Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Darkest Russia."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"Blue Grass."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.

Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Swan Swanson."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"The Eagle's Nest."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.

Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.

Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock."
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE STORY OF THE SHOT HEARD AROUND THE WORLD.

Last Thursday week, the 119th anniversary of the first fights of the American Revolutionary War, was celebrated throughout the state of Massachusetts, for the first time in an official sense. This patriotic festival replaces the Puritanic fast day which had degenerated more and more every year into the farce of a merry and rollicking feast day. This change was the work of the wholesouled Governor Greenhalge.

The most glorious feature of this anniversary is, assuredly, the immortal ride of Paul Revere. On Tuesday evening, the 18th of April, 1775, it was observed that a number of soldiers were marching towards the Boston Commons. About 10 o'clock, Dr. Warren sent in great haste to Paul Revere's house, and begged that he would immediately set off for Lexington. It was arranged that, if the British went out by water two lanterns would swing from the North church steeple, and if by land one, as a signal to him. He immediately proceeded to Charlestown. Paul saw by the two lanterns of the North church that the English troops were going to Lexington by the river. So he knew that he could reach Lexington by land on horseback, four hours before their arrival on the scene. In any case, he would have reached there before them: for while the troops were marching on foot, he would have a fiery Arab steed to convey him thither much more swiftly. He turned his horse very quickly towards Charlestown Neck, and then pushed for the Medford road. A footsoldier, who chased him on this road, slipt into a deep pond near where the new tavern is now built. He thus got clear of him, and rode through Medford town where he awakened the captain of the Minute Men, and, after that, he alarmed every house on the roadway on to Lexington.

Mr. Dawes, whom he met at the latter town, and Paul set off for Concord to secure the military stores and ammunition located there. They had got half way when they alarmed the family of a certain house, where Paul saw two men, suspiciously resembling the two English officers whom he had encountered in Charlestown. They barred Paul's passage, and they were armed with pistols. They forced him into a pasture close by the road. A doctor, who also accompanied him, jumped his horse over a low stone wall, and got to Concord to save the stores. Unfortunately for Paul, he had no firearms on his person. He observed a little wood close by, and he immediately rode thereto. When he got there, out started six red-coated officers on horseback who ordered him to dismount. One of them, who appeared to be in command, examined him, asked where he came from, and what his name was. Revere told him. He asked also if he was an express. The latter answered in the affirmative. He wanted to know when Paul left Boston. Paul told him, and added that the boats of the British troops had gone aground in passing the river, and that there would be five hundred Americans in Concord in the morning, for he, Paul, had alarmed the farmsteads where they lived all along the way from Charlestown to Lexington.

Major Mitchell came on the scene afterward, and clapped his pistol to his head, told him he had to ask him several vital questions, and said that if he did not answer them truly he would blow his brains out. He then put him the queries addressed him by the first officer, which he once more answered. He was subsequently arrested, and conveyed to Lexington under the charge of a company of British infantry, the captain of which was instructed, by his colonel, to blow out the brains of Paul Revere if he gave his escort any trouble. They rode on the King's highway till they reached the meeting-house of that town, when the American militia fired a volley of guns which seemed to alarm the red-coats very much. The Major inquired of Paul how far it was to Cambridge. Paul told him it was seven miles away. He gave a sergeant of his company Paul's horse, as the sergeant's own horse fell with fatigue. Here Revere was then released. They had no evidence against him. In half an hour afterward he met his friends and comrades, Hancock and Adams. Mr. Lowell, who was secretary of the latter rebel, adjourned with Paul to a tavern where they met a man who, after a mad gallop on horseback, dismounted at the inn, and assured Paul and Lowell that the British red-coats were coming up by the route of the rocks.

Both patriots met another man subsequently, who said that the troops were hard by. Mr. Lowell asked Paul to go back with him to the tavern to get a trunk of papers, belonging to Mr. Hancock. While they were getting the trunk, they saw the British contingent in full march. On their way to the inn they passed through the American militia, who were only fifty strong. When after leaving the tavern with the trunk, and they had got one hundred yards from the Meeting House, the British troops surrounded that building. In their front was an officer on horseback. They made a short halt when they saw and heard a gun fired, the report of which appeared to be that of a pistol. Then Paul distinguished the sounds of two guns, and then a continued report of musketry. It was then the two men made off with the trunk, and conveyed it to the cellar of a house of a sympathizer with their cause. It was full of treasonable letters.

Meanwhile the famous battle of Lexington was about to take place. The American patriots stood grounding their rifles in the warm sunshine on the commons of the town. Their captain, Jonas Parker, had ordered them not to fire on the Britishers till the Britishers fired on them. Major Pitcairn, the commander of the British forces, rode up, and ordered the "villains" and the "rebels" to disperse forthwith. The patriots heeded not the command, and so the Major ordered his men to fire on them. The captain of the Continentals had intended to disperse his men; but the fire of the British had already killed eight, and wounded several of the patriots, who immediately returned fire, and wounded three Englishmen, but killed none. That volley of the Continentals was the shot, that Emerson in one of his poems refers to as the "shot heard round the world!" although he places the scene at Concord. The British finally dispersed the rebels; but the military stores could not be discovered by the former.

After this victory the red-coats proceeded to Concord. They reached there at seven in the morning. The military stores were here also hidden in a safe place. In the meantime from all the towns around the armed Continentals were pouring *en masse* into Concord. They did not arrive, however, in sufficient numbers to cope with the Britishers though they afterwards defeated them, and they withdrew to a hill near the town on the other side of the river. As an English group of the Georgites crossed the bridge in order to hunt up the military stores in that direction, they spied the Continentals preparing for battle and a company of the redcoats proceeded to guard the bridge. Seeing their houses set on fire the patriots proceeded towards the bridge, but no man was to fire till they had been fired on. The British were the first to fire, and were actively engaged in tearing down the bridge. The Continentals returned the fire; but both volleys were harmless. Then the British battalion let fly another volley which killed two of the patriots, and wounded several others.

"Fire once more, fellow-soldiers, for God's and country's sake—fire again!" cried the American captain. Two British soldiers were killed, and after a bayonet charge by the rebels, the redcoats skedaddled, helter-skelter, from the town. This was the first of a long series of American triumphs over the aliens throughout the successful revolutionary war.

Paul Revere rode on other patriotic expeditions before he accomplished his more famous feat just described. In 1773, he was employed by the Selectmen of Boston to carry the account of the destruction of British tea to New York, and afterwards in 1774 to carry dispatches to New York and Philadelphia for the summoning of a congress. From the fall of 1774, till the winter of 1775, he was one of thirty who formed themselves into a committee for watching the movements of the red-coats, and gaining every information about their projected marches in order to warn his brethren elsewhere, so that they might be prepared to fight them.

Paul Revere's gallant ride, effected in the cause of American liberty, will peal down the aisles of the temple of fame, and the echo of that glorious peal will thrill with joy millions of Americans now unborn.

JUDGE MICHAEL BOLAND.

A dispatch from Kansas City, Mo., dated April 23, conveys the following sad intelligence of the unexpected death of an Irish-American soldier, patriot, lawyer and orator, known throughout the length and breadth of the Republic: "Judge Michael Boland died at his home in this city, corner of Sixteenth street and Troost avenue, at 11:30 o'clock today. He had been sick for three weeks, but his death was entirely unexpected until the fatal turn in the illness came about two days ago. He had been confined to the house with a malarial disorder and had so far recovered from his complaint that he notified his law partner that he would be at the office to resume work in a day or two. Just about that time a wound in the hip which he had received in the Civil war began to suppurate, and, in the enfeebled condition of his system, blood poisoning resulted. This wound had not greatly troubled him for some time prior to his illness. Mr. Boland was a member of the firm of Boland & O'Grady, distinguished as criminal lawyers in this section."

Like all men of strong character and determined will, Michael Boland had his enemies, but his friends were legion. He was born in Ireland about fifty-four years ago, and came with his parents to this country in childhood, settling at Louisville, Ky. On the breaking out of the Civil war, he enlisted in the Second United States Cavalry, and served throughout the great conflict with conspicuous bravery, although a mere boy in years. He was several times desperately wounded, and, in one of the fierce cavalry engagements under Sheridan in the Valley, lost the sight of one of his eyes. This accident prevented him from following up the profession of arms. On returning to Louisville, he became a clerk in the Gault House, and, in his leisure hours, studied law. He was on the point of graduation, when the Fenian raid on Canada called him to the front again, in June, 1866. He commanded a company of Louisville Irishmen, under Col. John O'Neill, at Fort Erie and Ridgeway, and distinguished himself by good judgment and personal bravery. No man who fought at the glorious affair of Ridgeway gained more honor than Michael Boland.

After the Fenian movement failed, Capt. Boland resumed the study of law in Louisville, graduated and pursued the practice of his profession. He practiced in many of the chief cities of America, and finally attached himself to Kansas City, Mo., where, running as a Republican in a Democratic community, he was elected police judge by the largest majority ever given to a candidate in that municipality. Capt. Boland was a great admirer of the late James G. Blaine, and did splendid work for him in the memorable presidential campaign of 1884. He was a first-class political orator, and could rouse the very dullest crowd to enthusiasm. No man knew better the weak side of a hostile audience, and he could extract cheers and laughter from his most determined political foes.

Capt. Boland married in Louisville, and one son, Philip Sheridan Boland, blessed the union. This boy, a fine, promising lad of nearly 12 years, died suddenly of heart disease less than a year ago, and this terrible domestic blow broke the gallant and tender heart of the bereaved father. He was never again the same man, and when we saw him in Kansas City, on March 26, for the last time, we felt that death had set its pale seal upon his forehead. Others may find some words of censure for Michael Boland—for, indeed, he was not entirely perfect—but we can remember nothing but his manly friendship, his gallant deeds, his untiring patriotism and his unconquerable good nature. If Ireland had many sons as true and as bold as he was, her captivity would not be of long duration. May he rest in peace eternal!

JOHN O'LEARY'S POLITICAL SOUVENIRS.

The "Recollections of John O'Leary," one of the leading Fenian chiefs of 1865, and editor of the *Irish People*, the press organ of that patriotic movement, will be published by the Dublin firm of Sealy, Bryers & Walker in a few weeks' time. O'Leary's personal souvenirs of the part he played as editor, and his sufferings as a political prisoner—he broke stones for five years, as a convict, in Portland prison, England, for his allegiance to Irish liberty—will form no unimportant contribution to Irish annals of the last half of this century: for he commenced his political career in 1849, one year before the half of the nineteenth century expired. He has a strong, nervous and powerful pen, which is always accurate, and generally precise. He writes Germanic-English—which is of much superior merit to that derived from the ponderous and long-winded Latin, and the ancient French tongue—as well as Spencer did, whose "Fairie Queen" is so closely Germanic, that there is not a single word in the entire poem derived from the Latin or Old French languages!

John O'Leary's style is not one in which the imagination plays the least role. The Fenian editor throws no brilliant glamor over his effusions. Facts are his material, and his style in recording facts is light, interesting, clever, epigrammatic, never dull, always fascinating and musical. His chief literary forte—which he holds in common with Voltaire and Rochefort—is that of a keen and intelligent critic, and a cutting, sarcastic penman. His radical criticisms of modern constitutional agitation are specimens of the most classic English, and are very pungent and scalding in their terrible intensity and can come only from an honest man, who has seen so much sham, hypocrisy and flatulent bunkum, and public house patriotism all around him in his public career. Personally, Mr. O'Leary is the acme of sincerity. He is one of those rare men, who tell the truth under any and every condition. He has told several poets—to the knowledge of THE CITIZEN—that they were only mere rhymesters. He has informed several Irish orators—Sexton among the number—that they are only a gang of mediocrities, compared to Curran, Grattan and Meagher. Owing to his subtle and intellectual powers, as well as to his unconditional character for candor, he has been called the stormy petrel of the sea of latter-day Irish politics. We may expect very candid criticisms of James Stephens, Colonel O'Mahony, O'Donovan Rossa, Thomas Clarke Luby and others of his colleagues in the Fenian movement from his scathing "Recollections." D.

BOURKE COCKRAN'S LECTURE.

The Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, M.C., will deliver a lecture on "True American Patriotism," for the benefit of the De la Salle Institute's electrical apparatus, at the Auditorium, on the evening of Monday, April 30. Mr. Cockran's reputation as an orator is international, and he will, no doubt, be greeted by one of the largest audiences that the Auditorium has held. Chicagoans are particularly anxious to hear Mr. Cockran, who has only spoken here on political matters, and then in the midst of confusion and uncalled for interruptions. He denounced, as will be remembered, the nomination of Grover Cleveland for a second presidential term, and predicted disaster to the Democratic party if he was nominated. Mr. Cockran's prediction has been more than fulfilled. The distinguished Irish-New Yorker will receive a warm welcome from intellectual Chicago, irrespective of politics.

A GREAT POLISH ANNIVERSARY.

Next Thursay, the Poles of Chicago, and of the entire State of Illinois, will celebrate the glorious centennial anniversary of the day when Kosciusko, the great Polish revolutionary leader, took the oath to defend his native land. Kosciusko was one of those sublime, self-sacrificing patriots, who, like Tom Moore's angel's visits, are "few and far between." He belonged to that galaxy of revolutionary stars, which included such luminaries as Rienzi, the great Roman tribune; Mireabeau, of France; Tell, of Switzerland; Andreas Hofer, of the Tyrol Mountains, and Robert Emmet, of Ireland. Those men's patriotic memories are the polar stars, which all liberty-loving persons of every land kneel down and worship, as the Magi of old worshipped the mysterious star that hung in the crisp, cool atmosphere of a December night immovable over the stable of Bethlehem.

Thaddeus Kosciusko was born in Novocrudek, Lithuania, Feb. 12, 1746. He was appointed dictator and generalissimo of the Polish troops at a time when Russia and Prussia sought to dismember that ancient kingdom, which at one time in its great pride and strength, in the middle of the 17th century, was the only power in Europe capable of resisting the Moslem invasion of 500,000 men. Only for the Poles, Europe would be a Mussulman-ruled continent today.

In 1793 was effected the second partition of Poland, by which Russia obtained the greater part of Lithuania, Padolio and Ukraine, and Prussia captured several other provinces. Then came the disarmament, on May 3, 1794, of the Polish troops, which so incensed the proud and patriotic spirit of Kosciusko, that he took that oath to defend his country. His rebellion, unfortunately, was a failure, due to the fact that he was vastly outnumbered by the combined forces of two such powerful empires as Russia and Austria. He was taken prisoner by the soldiers of the former empire, and would have been sent to the icy-cold wildernesses of Siberia, were it not that the Czar insisted that he would release the prisoner on one condition, that he never again should draw his sword against the Russian forces. Kosciusko made the promise exacted of him, and like the man of scrupulous honor that he was, he kept his word loyally and faithfully to the end, as the following incident will prove. When, in after years, Napoleon, the Great, offered the Polish patriot a brigadier-generalship in his army, he refused to accept that honor on the plea that he could never use his sword against Russia, whose troops were just then fighting against the Napoleonic cohorts.

The early life of Kosciusko ran as follows: Being the descendant of a noble family, he studied in the Military Academy of Warsaw in his early youth. Subsequently an unrequitted love for the only daughter of the Marquis Governor of Lithuniana, induced him to leave Poland, and in the year 1775 he landed in the colonies of America, whose citizens at that time were struggling against the yoke of England. He had a letter of recommendation from Benjamin Franklin, when he was presented to General Washington.

"What can you do for us?" asked Washington of the Polish patriot.

"I come, General," said Kosciusko, "to fight for American independence."

Kosciusko received at once the commission of colonel of the First Regiment of Engineers, in the Continental army. He became in 1776 adjutant-general to Washington. He was rewarded for his services, after the victory of the Americans, by a pension of $5,000, and the grant of 10,000 acres of land in the most fertile portion of the country—the rich and fertile valleys of Indiana. Returning home once more in March, 1794, he suddenly appeared in Cracow, and promptly issued a manifesto against the Russians. This was before the period in which he accepted the pledge exacted of him by the Czar. He triumphed over his enemies at first, but in one of the battles towards the middle of the campaign, he fell on the battlefield riddled with bullets, and instantly died. This is one version of his death. Another version has it that he lived till Oct. 15, 1817, many years afterwards, and that he died in exile of injuries received from a fall from his horse. Campbell believed in the former version of his fate, for he says in this line of a poem of his:

"And, Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell!"

As Campbell lived at the time of Kosciusko's death his belief that the patriot fell dead, riddled with bullets, is more probable than statements which were only made long after the patriot died.

The commemoration on next Thursday in Chicago—the day that the soulful Thaddeus took the oath to defend his country—should be attended by every patriotic Irishman in this city, who sympathizes with the Polish cause. Every Irishman living ought to have, and has, a kindly regard for the expatriated patriots of Poland, who are now located in the Northwest and its premier city. Oppressed nations have many ties in common. Ireland's limbs were whipped by the lashes of Cromwell's butchers, and by England's Hessians in various epochs of her singularly unfortunate history. Poland's limbs were whipped by the cat-o'-nine-tails wielded by the brawny arms of the Emperors of Russia and Austria. That should encourage the Gael to take pity on his fellow victim. It becomes Irishmen, therefore, to sympathize in their thousands, aye, in their tens of thousands, with this Polish demonstration in our city, to prove beyond any doubt that the Irish are in ardent and thorough sympathy with the Polish believers in the immortal principles of Thaddeus Kosciusko. D.

THOUSANDS of friends, in this city and elsewhere, deeply sympathize with Mr. George P. Gilman, whose amiable wife, Mrs. Kate Gilman, died recently, after a long and painful sickness.

MR. J. M. CRENNAN, the well known wholesale cigar merchant, has returned to this city after a three months' visit to Ireland, and the continent of Europe. He is feeling in excellent spirits, and has brought back with him from his old home in fair Kilkenny, a large stock of Irish energy and vigor. THE CITIZEN is glad to welcome Mr. Crennan back to Chicago.

CARDINAL MORAN, who spent the entire of last year in Rome, London and Ireland, was busily taking notes during the greater portion of that time. His "History of the Catholic Church in Australasia," is now announced for simultaneous publication in London, Sidney and New York. The materials of the work have been compiled from the archives of the Propagenda a missionary library. While in Ireland recently, his Eminence interviewed the surviving relatives of the first priests who landed in Australia.

NOBODY knows the secret haunts of Rudyard Kipling on his present visit to London. Stanley Africanus is, it is said, going to explore the wilderness of the modern Babylon in quest of that mysterious balladist, as he did in the wilds of Africa in quest of Emin Pasha. Kipling is the most artful of dodgers.

AT present the odds appear to be in favor of M. Casimir Perier, as the successor of M. Sadi Carnot, as president of the French Republic; but the election is six months away as yet, and there is no telling what may happen in that interval of time. M. Casimir Perier, like M. Carnot, is the grandson of a regicide—their two ancestors having judged Louis, the king, to be guillotined on the charge of treason to France.

LORD FRANCIS HOPE, the presumptive heir to the dukedom of Newcastle, after having squandered his fortune on the race courses of England, tried his fortune in this country in the fine art of conquering, matrimonially, an American heiress. The name of the favored damsel is Miss May Wobe, the proud possessor of a variety of charms, the most seductive of which is the fact that her hand is worth several millions of dollars. The lord proposed to the gentle dove, but his offer was declined. So he is returning now to "Hold Hengland," as penniless as a church mouse. The prospective hopes of other days have turned for him into the bitterest despair.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR astonished the literary world by writing a novel some years ago, and now John Jacob, of that wealthy stock, has followed his example. The latter has just published "A Journey to Other Worlds," in which he describes his trip to the planet Jupiter where the conditions of the carboniferous age are found to exist, and also to Saturn, where the travelers are imagined to meet with the spirits of the departed. Verily, verily, the Astor family abounds in literary cusses—don't you know?

SIR ROBERT STEWART, musical doctor, probably the best known figure in the Irish musical arena, died last week in Dublin. Sir Robert was the most popular man in old Eblana; and it was in his home in that city that the last meeting of the Dublin section of the Society of Irish Musicians was held. The late knight was married to a Cork lady.

IT is said that that venerable master journalist, Charles A. Dana of the New York *Sun*, in his recent interview with the Pope, listened to his Holiness reciting a verse or two of Dante in the original. The subsequent verses were taken up, and repeated by Dana. The Pope was greatly impressed with the editor's profound knowledge of the great medieval poet.

PRESIDENT CARNOT'S excuse for not standing a second term for the seven years' presidency of the French Republic is believed in generally, as he is suffering from a severe attack of dyspepsia. In character he is cold and reserved. He held the balance between wrangling parties on both sides of the chamber, without displaying any sympathy either way. This negative policy, consequently, made him a favorite of both.

HAROLD FREDERIC is convinced that the future of Premier Rosebery's government depends on the result of a horse-race. If Rosebery's "Ladas" wins the Derby in four weeks' time, there will be a popular boom for his lordship, which in the judgment of old politicians will make a prompt dissolution necessary, and an appeal to the country a certain victory for the Liberals. There is a probability that the triumph of his horse will fasten Rosebery officially on the neck of his party for the next seven years.

A CERTAIN Father O'Brien, Catholic rector of St. Charles' church in Delaware, will celebrate a double silver jubilee of his priesthood, and his promotion to the pastorship. "What makes," says the report of the future proceedings, "this particularly interesting is that he is descended in a direct line from the kings of Thomond, and is No. 28 in generation from Brian Boru, the Ard Righ of Erin! Well, good Father O'Brien, you must be a simple soul! Sure, don't you know, Rev. Father, that there is not a man of the name of O'Brien who is not a direct lineal descendant of the conqueror of Clontarf? They are as thick as the blackberries in the fall in holy Ireland, good, but *naif* reverend father.

A CORRESPONDENT at Buenos Ayres says that Jabez Balfour, now in prison in Salta awaiting the result of his appeal not to be extradited to England, on charges of fraud, is writing a book of his life, which he calculates will bring him in the grossly exaggerated sum of eight million pounds sterling. Of this sum he intends devoting a million and a half to those who have been in loss through the failure of the Liberator Society. Jabez is a dreamer. It might happen that his book would not return him a single red cent.

MRS. MARION STRANGE CUNNINGHAM, the intimate friend of the new Mrs. Willie Wilde, says that the latter lady was born Miss Sophie Lees. Mr. Wilde's grandfather held an important position in the postoffice of Dublin, while his father was an eminent antiquarian. Mrs. Willie Wilde has, it seems, beautiful grey eyes, dark curly hair, and an exquisite figure. Her husband is engaged at present on a play of much promise and literary merit.

CONCORD DAY, the 19th of April, commemorates the famous ride of Paul Revere from Charlestown to Lexington, where the first shot was fired in the Revolutionary war. This festival is the logical outcome of the abolition of the Puritanic fast day which was celebrated in Boston by gorgeous and sumptuous spreads, and high jinks of various kinds.

The Blood is the source of health. Keep it pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself, and superior in strength, economy and medicinal merit.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

Map of the United States.

A large handsome Map of the United States, mounted and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

BY GALWAY BAY.

When spring, with blossoms wild and sweet, made all the meadows smile,
And wreathed her roses 'round the brow of God's Eternal Isle,
I dreamed the bright dreams of a boy, and left my books and play,
To watch the white sails gleaming—the sails on Galway bay!

At morn my bare feet brushed the dews to see the great sun rise,
(Ah! never was a sun like that in all God's splendid skies)
A sun that gave the loveliest light—a light that lives today
As when it kissed the sails that gleamed—the sails of Galway bay!

How bright the suns—how sweet the winds—how sweet the skies that bent
Above the waves that mirrored them and murmured as they went!
And the shouting of the captains and the sailors far away,
In the boats that rocked near Galway—the boats on Galway bay!

I would today I were a boy—a little barefoot boy,
Where once I watched the bending sails—the boats that sailed for joy!
For though my ship has crossed the sea and anchored far away,
Still blow the gales and gleam the sails—the sails on Galway bay!

—*Exchange.*

IRISH NEWS.

On Saturday, March 31, a sad boating fatality, resulting in the loss of two lives, took place off Ballintoy, a short distance from Ballycastle. Three brothers named McLaughlin and Robert Hutchinson, who were engaged most of the week near Ballycastle gathering fossil specimens, left in their boat for home, accompanied by a man named Robert McFall. When off Ballintoy they met a heavy broken sea, which capsized the boat. James McLaughlin and McFall were drowned. The remainder of the party were rescued by the coastguards.

Messrs. Telford & Telford, of Dublin, have just completed a very fine organ for St. Joseph's Redemptorist church, Dundalk. It is considered an admirable specimen of skilled work, and reflects great credit on the firm by which it has been produced. The case is of walnut and canary wood, specially designed. There are two manuals in addition to a pedal organ. The diapasons are excellent, the open diapason giving a splendid full tone, while the fancy stops are rich and delicate in a high degree. It has a total of 27 stops, and has 1,250 pipes.

On Sunday, April 1, the remains of John Robert Haddeway, who for fifteen years was connected with the Dublin fire brigade, were interred at Glasnevin cemetery. The coffin was borne on an engine. All the members of the brigade and a body of police, with the Dublin Metropolitan Police band, marched in the funeral procession.

A great Labor Day demonstration will be held in the Phœnix park on May 6. A preliminary meeting of delegates appointed by the various trades to make arrangements for the demonstration was held in the Trades' hall on Sunday week. Mr. Robert Kearney, president United Laborers, presided. The delegates present were: United laborers, J. Kearney; carpenters, J. Fitzpatrick, branch No. 6; J. Simmons, branch No. 5; P. O'Reilly, branch No. 5; printers, E. L. Richardson, C. O'Reilly, J. J. Joyce; plumbers, P. Dowd, J. Crawford; corkcutters, P. O'Byrne; boot and shoe riveters, J. Quinn; butchers, J. Long. — Lloyd; slators, J. Peakin, J. Byrne; glaziers, J. Foster; newspaper machinists, J. Barry; assurance agents' union, R. Dorman; amalgamated painters, J. Ward; brush makers, W. McCarthy; silk weavers, C. Murphy, J. Cunningham; seamen and firemen's union, D. Connor, coach makers, F. Farrell, president, J. Lindsay; metropolitan painters, A. Quinn, J. Holmes; tinsmiths, J. McNamara; brassfounders, P. Flood; railway servants, Kingsbridge branch, P. Tynan; Broadstone Branch, Mr. Whelehan; cabinetmakers, J. Hicks; plasterers, P. O'Kelly, G. Leahy; stereotypers, W. Holmes; smiths, J. Swan; confectioners, P. Martin; bottlemakers, P. Murray; tailors, P. Shelly.

Mr. Charles G. Marchant, organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, has been appointed organist of Trinity College, in succession to the late Sir Robert Stewart.

Two sisters of the Convent of Mercy, Newry, professed at the hands of the Most Rev. Dr. McGovern, in the convent, Canal street, on April 6. The little chapel presented a very nice appearance. His Grace celebrated mass in the presence of a large congregation, and received the vows of the young lady postulants, whose names are: Miss Gilmore, Belfast, in religion, Sister Mary Clare, and Miss Digney, Shinn, in religion, Sister Mary Coleman. The ceremony was most impressive, concluding with benediction of the blessed sacrament. At the conclusion of the sacred ceremony the bishop and the assembled clergy, as well as the friends of the nuns professed and other visitors, were entertained at luncheon by the superioress and sisters of the community.

The funeral of the late Edward Joseph Byrne, a young citizen of Dublin, and son of the late P. Byrne, of Lehaunstown, Rathfarnham, county Dublin, whose sudden demise was caused by congestion of the lungs, took place from his late residence to Glasnevin cemetery on the 4th inst. After arrival at Glasnevin, and the service for the dead being concluded, the coffin was borne to its last resting place by friends of the deceased. The chief mourners were Mr. P. Byrne, Mrs. Byrne; also T. Byrne, his stepbrother.

The death is announced of the Rev. James Shortall, P.P., Freshford, county Kilkenny, the melancholy event having occurred on Thursday, the 5th inst. He was a comparatively young man, and was a fine specimen of a man and a priest. His death will be heard of with keen regret. He was for a number of years curate in the Piltown district, previous to his appointment to the pastorate of Freshford, where he endeared himself to the people by his fine traits of character. At a difficult period of the land agitation his tact and large fund of common sense brought peace and contentment to the tenantry on the Bessborough estate.

Thursday night, April 5, as James Higgins, a laborer, was going toward his home at Millar's Marsh, he noticed a man lying on a heap of stones. He approached him and said "that was a dangerous place he was lying." The man rose from the stones, and, saying "he believed it was," threw one of the stones at Higgins, cutting his head open and knocking him bleeding on the ground. The mysterious individual then threw himself on the prostrate man and beat and maltreated him in a most brutal manner, inflicting several very nasty wounds, then ran away. Higgins managed to get on his feet and went to look for the police with his head in his hands, and his clothes smeared with blood. He was in this condition when met by Sergeant Doyle, and some two hours afterward Acting-Sergeant O'Hagan arrested John Gaant on a charge of committing the assault, and lodged him in the lock-up, where he remained until Wednesday morning, when he was confronted by Higgins, who identified him as his assailant. Higgins was subsequently removed to the workhouse hospital.

At Thomastown, a few days ago, a monster salmon was caught, which is at present on view at Mrs. Shearman's, Kilkenny. It is forty-three inches long and twenty-two in girth.

John Wykes, a guard in the employ of the Great Northern Railway Company, met with a serious accident just outside Dundalk station. He was extra guard on a special train to Lisburn, and after the train had left Dundalk he put his head out of the window of his van, either to observe the position of the train or to look at the new works going on at that point, when his head struck against an iron brace attached to the wooden pier of the temporary bridge beside the newly-constructed station. The incident was observed by a pointsman, who called out to the guard in the rear van, and the train was stopped. Wykes was taken out of his van, the side of his head being shockingly torn, and one ear almost carried away. He was taken to the County Infirmary and attended by Dr. MacDonnell.

Mrs. Anne Dunne, a widow, of Portarlington, 45 years of age, committed suicide on the 20th ult. by drowning herself in the river Barrow.

Mr. Michael Connolly, of Cootehill, a highly-respected gentleman, and one of the oldest merchants in that town, died on the 20th ult. The funeral, which occurred on the 23d, was large and representative. The chief mourners were Messrs. James Connolly, Belfast; John Connolly, Belfast; William Connolly, Cootehill; Thomas Connolly, Lisnaska; Eugene Connolly, Clones; Felix Connolly, Ballybay; William Connolly, Moylemuck; Patrick Connolly, Raw; John Connolly, Raw; Charles Brady, Cootehill; John Rice, P.L.G., Knappagh. The Very Rev. Thomas Brady, assisted by the Rev. Peter Brady, officiated at the grave.

Four young men, John and Patrick Fitzpatrick, Martin Conway, and Laurence Dowling, are at present confined in Kilkenny jail charged with the willful murder of Michael Conway, at Newtown Cross, near Kildare, on the 27th ult.

A new chapel in connection with the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Naas, was consecrated April 5 by the Most Rev. Dr. Comerford, Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. The consecration ceremonies took place at 7 a. m., and at 11 a. m. there was high mass celebrated in the chapel, and the services were attended by a large number of clergymen and of the laity.

The first meeting of the newly-elected board of guardians for Tralee took place April 5. The contest for the chair was between Richard Latchford, J. P., and Mr. McMahon, J. P. The contest was an exciting one, and resulted in the election of Mr. Latchford by 29 votes to 23.

The people of the counties of Wicklow and Wexford learned with great regret of the death of Mr. Joseph Collins, Abbey street, Wicklow. The deceased gentleman was one of the most successful and popular businessmen in the town, and was universally respected by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Mr. Collins was a staunch Parnellite, and never wavered for a moment in his loyalty to the Independent party.

Mr. John McInerney, Mr. Thomas Mitchell and Mr. Thomas Burke were unanimously elected chairman, vice-chairman and deputy vice-chairman respectively of the Limerick board of guardians.

Thomas Floyd, who is alleged to have inflicted fatal stabbing injuries on his brother William, a respectable farmer at Coolnadorony, about seven miles from Nenagh, was, on April 6, brought up from Limerick prison and charged with the offense before the following justices sitting at Killaloe: Col. Spaight, W. Jones, R. M.; R. E. Parker and H. Lefroy. The court was thronged during the proceedings. The prosecution was conducted by District-Inspector McDonald, of Newport, county Tipperary. Mr. Coffey, solicitor, Limerick, defended. The prisoner was committed for trial on the capital charge to the next assizes.

At the Boyle quarter sessions, April 3, County Court Judge O'Connor Morris, addressing the grand jury, said that was the fifth or sixth time during the past three years that he had been presented with white gloves, which was highly creditable to the county Roscommon. He hoped that such a happy state of things might long continue.

The cause of "women's rights" received an impetus and a recognition at the hands of the Carrickmacross board of guardians on April 6. It was the first meeting of the newly-elected board, and after Messrs. Thomas Phelan, J. P., Peter Dwyer and William Jones had been unanimously elected chairman, vice-chairman and deputy vice-chairman respectively, the board proceeded to revise the lists of dispensary committees. When they came to revise the list for Raferagh dispensary district Mr. Mee asked if a woman could be elected on the committee. Being told by the chairman that he knew of nothing to prevent it, Mr. Mee proposed that Catherine Goodman be elected a member of the dispensary committee, and the motion being seconded by Mr. Daly, was passed unanimously. This is the first known instance of a woman being elected a member of what is, if not a representative public board, an executive public body with important functions to discharge. It is noteworthy that Raferagh is a remote country district, in which the doctrines of women's rights, or, indeed, any advanced modern social or political ideas, had not been supposed to have gained a footing.

Courts of arbitration were recently held at Swinford, Charlestown, and Claremorris with reference to the value of lands taken for the Callooney & Claremorris Railway. Mr. J. P. Mannion appeared for the contractors, Messrs. Fisher and Lefanu, and Messrs. Alfred B. Kelly and P. J. Kelly for various tenants. The contractors are pushing on at a rapid pace the work of construction, and are now completing the embankments at Claremorris station.

At the National Teachers' Congress, held in Dublin during the first week in April, resolutions were adopted calling upon the government and the commissioners of national education to abolish the rule enabling a manager to dismiss a teacher without showing just cause; deprecating the establishment of school boards as "tending to impair the legitimate authority and influence of the managers," and urging that if any religious orders should be admitted to participation in the education grants, no lay teacher should be removed, and that the grants made to lay teachers should not be diminished. Next year the congress will be held in Cork.

The little son of Mr. C. Flanagan, of the Drogheda Steam Packet Company, fell into the river between a vessel and the quay on the 5th inst. A rope was thrown to the poor little fellow, but he failed to catch it, and sank before the eyes of the spectators.

Father Kinane, C.C., Castleiny, Templemore, has been presented with an address, couched in very affectionate terms, by his late parishioners of Knockavella and Donaskeigh, where he had been stationed for the past three years. The address points out the many generous qualities Father Kinane displayed in his association with the people of the district as their pastor, and the spiritual blessings which they have enjoyed from his energy and zeal among them. Father Kinane, in replying to the address, dwelt in touching terms on the kindly relations which had always prevailed between him and his late parishioners, and said that though he was removed from their midst, they might always rely upon his support in anything that concerned them. They would always have a warm corner in his heart, and he hoped that they would prosper in all their undertakings.

County Court Judge Richards in opening the Mayo assizes at Castlebar congratulated the grand jury on the satisfactory and peaceful state of the county. There was not one bill to go before them, and the calendar was extremely light.

The Tralee & Dingle Railway, on which the terrible disaster occurred last year, was the subject of a public meeting of rate-payers of the guaranteeing baronies in the Tralee courthouse April 5. The purpose was to consider the best means of impressing on the government the necessity for coming to the relief of the rate-payers in the crushing burden of taxation imposed on them by the line. The view of the meeting was that the government should make a free grant of £66,742 to the line, so as to place it on the same financial treatment that Mr. Balfour extended to the Kead & Kenmare and West Kerry lines, the grant to be devoted to the reconstruction, equipment and working of the line, under such conditions as the government might think fit. A resolution was unanimously carried requesting the four members for Kerry to vote against the government if they refused the request for the grant.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, has made the following changes in the archdiocese of Armagh: The Rev. Francis Donnelly, C.C., Keady, to be C. C. at Carrickmore; Rev. Peter McShane, C.C., Coalisland, to be C. C. at Keady, and the Rev. Father M. A. Cardle, C.C., Carrickmore, to be C.C. at Coalisland.

A series of evictions near the village of Doonbeg, county Clare, took place April 11, on the property of the Stackpoole. The tenants dispossessed were Thady McGrath, Michael McGrath and Edward Halloran, who owed two years' rent. In the case of T. McGrath a settlement was effected subsequent to the evictions, the tenants being readmitted. When Major Cullinan, the sub-sheriff, arrived at Halloran's house, situated in a bog, it was found that four of the children were lying down with measels. Halloran made a piteous appeal to the sheriff not to throw out his sick children on the roadside, Mr. Rollestone, who was in command of the police, also interferred on the side of mercy, but without avail. The unfortunate tenant had, through his neighbors, managed to scrape together a year's rent, which he was willing to hand over to Mr. Hallam Studdert, the receiver on the property, which is in the court of chancery, but his offer was refused and the eviction was proceeded with. The sheriff's party having put the children and Halloran's articles of furniture out on the roadside, fastened the only door leading into the house, but the evicted tenant soon retook possession and placed his little ones in their homestead.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Oscar Wilde's brilliant and satirical comedy, "Lady Windermere's Fan," presented by a star company under the direction of Mr. Gustave Frohman, is the forthcoming attraction at the Schiller Theatre for two weeks, commencing next Sunday night, April 29. "Lady Windermere's Fan" is the greatest and most successful work of the celebrated Oscar Wilde, and it has been the sensation of the modern comedy stage on both sides of the Atlantic. It was in Chicago last October, and at that time made a remarkable hit and had a splendid run. The Gustave Frohman Company is composed of artists who have won reputations in all the first-class theatres of the country, and "Lady Windermere's Fan" will be put on the stage with a really superb cast. The first performance of the two weeks' engagement is on Sunday evening, April 29.

A SONG FOR IRELAND.

BY IRIS OLKYRN.

Air: "The Boys of Wexford."

Come, Ireland's sons, for Ireland's sake,
Uplift a rallying song,
To cheer the marching of the true
On Freedom's path along.
But say what shall that rallying chant,
That chosen anthem be?
In chorus from your gathering ranks
Give answer now to me!

Chorus—
We sing a song of Wexford,
For once in hour of need,
At Ireland's call, for true men all,
'Twas Wexford took the lead!

Then far and forward turn the glance
Of every hopeful eye
To where above our marshalled front
A flag is waving high;
What standard's that by stalwart hands
Raised proudly to the wind
For gallant men to muster round
And march in hosts behind?

Chorus—
It is the flag of Wexford
So bravely fought below,
When true men stood—where true men should.
A hundred years ago.

But Ireland, from Irishmen,
If freedom be their choice,
Hath need of more than flaunted flag,
Of more than chanting voice;
So if in truth your hearts be set
To make our country free,
In answering chorus of this song
Come pledge a word with me.

Chorus—
Like true men once in Wexford,
We pledge both heart and hand,
To break in twain the galling chain
That binds our native land.

Then let those hearts keep warm a hope,
Those hands for strife prepare;
Let each man's lips a promise speak,
Each woman's breathe a prayer
That stalwart hands, devoted hearts,
With help from heaven above,
Shall free from hated Saxon yoke
This island of our love.

Chorus—
Yes, Ireland, dear Ireland,
With help from heaven above,
We'll free thee yet from Saxon yoke,
Thou island of our love.

Then, Ireland's sons, for Ireland's sake
Stand up from shore to shore,
From Tory's cliffs to far Kinsale,
From Howth to Arranmore;
Let North and South united stand
And bury ancient hate
Low in the graves from which have risen
The ghosts of 'Ninety-eight.

Chorus—
Yes, hand in hand united stand,
Forgetting ancient hate,
And welcome back in Wexford style
The ghosts of 'Ninety-eight.

—*Weekly Independent.*

COYNE BROS. COMMISSION HOUSE.

A new Irish-American commission house will begin business on South Water street, No. 149, May 1, under the style and title of Coyne Bros., General Commission Merchants. The senior partner is Mr. D. J. Coyne, who has been, for the last twelve years, chief salesman for Earl Bros'. commission house on the same thoroughfare. Mr. R. J. Coyne, the junior partner, is also a young man of extensive experience in the produce business. The new firm will handle goods from all the Northwestern States, as well as from New York and other Eastern districts. They will deal chiefly in poultry, fruits, eggs and cheese, and will handle nothing except what is of the best quality, and at the most reasonable rates. Coyne Bros. are young energetic and popular—just the kind of men to get to the top of the ladder in quick time. THE CITIZEN heartily wishes them success and commends them to the best consideration of its readers.

IN A JESUIT NOVITIATE.

The bell must ring at 4 a.m. precisely in a Jesuit novitiate, as the novices, like the rest of the society, have seven hours of sleep allotted to them; and the frere reglementaire is getting up betimes in order to begin his day's work. This is no sinecure, for I have reckoned that he rings the bell thirty-five times in seventeen hours. It sounds—and at the first "ding dong" a series of jumps onto the floor is heard in reply. For the bell is the voice of God, as Ignatius says; and as no novice would have thought of rising without leave one instant before, so no one would, even for a second, hesitate to obey the divine call.

The frere goes down the passage with a lighted queue de rat in his hand, and successively lights one lamp in each room, saying as he passes "Benedicamus Domino!" to each and all, hurriedly dressing, washing, or shaving, reply from behind the curtains, "Deo gratias!" Haste must be made, for all these operations, besides that of carrying dirty water to the sink, must be performed in twenty-five minutes, in order to leave five minutes free for a visit in the private chapel to the "master of the house."

Here they come—and first of all the most fervent and saintly among them, Brother Seraphicus, as the novices playfully call him. It is 4:15, so he will pay a visit of a quarter of an hour. Alas! seraphic brother, I am afraid a shorter visit would have been preferable; you have neglected more than one duty to get these extra ten minutes. One shoe is badly laced; your tooth brush is dry, and even your hands might be whiter. Mon frere, with all your fervor, you will never be a son of Ignatius; that old saint has a military liking for tidiness and order. In two years you will leave the novitiate to become a good, pious priest, but never a Jesuit. Now go in and sigh, and lean your head on one side, languishing with burning love for Jesus Hostie! All that is very well in its way, but—discipline must be maintained.

Second on the list comes another young brother, half French and half Irish, of quite another type, rather dry in his orisons, and not at all given to soaring in mystic contemplation. He cannot even fancy St. Peter during the meditation, without thinking of an old tar with a "southwester" on his head, and a short black pipe in the corner of his mouth.

But he is irreproachably neat in all his belongings, and, in fact, I think, prides himself on the rapidity with which he does all things so well. Still, pride is a sin—and, to say the truth, his demeanor is far from novice-like. He holds his head erect, not with a gentle curve forwards, as most of his companions do; his eyes, though not wandering, are yet far from downcast. Can he remain in the society when Brother Seraphicus is not good enough? Yes, and do good, solid work in the colleges, too.—*Donahoe's Magazine for April.*

SGEULTA FIANNAIGHEACHTA.

Eachtradh Lomnochtainn Sleibhe Riffi, Ann so sios, mar leanas.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Dála Chonáin, ann sin éirighios 'nna chcartsheasamh go prap príomh-uriamh, agus gabhus sleagh Dhiarmada Uí Dhuibhne ann a lámh, .i. an gadh dearg, nár thug urchar mearbhalach ariamh, agus beireas air an slabhra fionndruinne do bhí faoi bhráighid Bhrain, agus tairngios a cheann as an g-créachd agus saighdeas an t-sleagh nimhe air lorg cinn na con, ionnas gur chuir tre inchinn na Feiste air an láthair sin í, gur fhág marbh gan anam é. Ar na fhaicsin sin do'n g-cailligh ághaidh ghrána, .i. ball Lom, fághas a h-ingne fada, fior nimhneacha, sgriobacha, a g-ceann Chonáin, gur sgrios a raibh d'fheoil agus d'fhinneathaibh air go ráinic a chluasa. Ionnas go raibh a ceann mar a bhéidheadh cliogíonn air uladh. Leis sin, beirios Sgeolán, an dara cú de chonaibh Fhinn Mhic Cúmhail, sith air an ollaphéist caillighe, agus beirios air bheul uachtarach agus air bhárr aróna uirri, ionnas gur chogain go smuir agus go smúsach í, gur chuir a suc agus a ceann a sgóirnin na caillighe, gur tharraing a ceann agus a croidhe as a cliabh amach, gur thuit sí tarsna an chéille fíor-ghrána sin.

Air n-a fhaicsin sin do'n óig ingin a thug an deoch milliteach sin d'á n-ionnsuidhe, beirios léim a n-uchd Dhiarmada Uí Dhuibhne, agus is e dubhairt sí:

"A fhir mhórdha na crodhachta, agus a laoich nár leónadh, na léig do Chonán Mhic Mórne me fein do mharbhadh, gidh gur cionntach me le sibhse do chur 'san riocht sin, na marbhthar mise. Ní bh-fuil dáil fuasgladh no furtachta dibhse, agus má bheirthear caomhna anma dhamsa bearfad mo dhithchioll cúngranta agus comhairle dhibh."

"Na h-uile dhiodha orm féin," ar Conán, "dír an domhain agus a mhná ná saorfadh orm thú gan feóil finaleathair mo chinn do dhioghailt ort."

Do ghlac a shleégh agus do b'áil a shaghaid tre campar a croidhe.

"A Chonáin," ar Diarmuid, "na marbh an ingean do ghaibh comairce agamsa, agus cuimhnigh gur mise thug as bruighean Chaorthainn thú, agus tá ceangailte d'dír na talmhan, agus uime sin, is córa dhuiste do dhithchioll a dheanamh air mise do shábháil no siocair millte-do thabhairt d'á bh-fuil annso dod' chairdibh."

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Mr. John F. Smithwick, J.P., was re-elected chairman of the Kilkenny board of guardians for the ensuing twelve months. Mr. Smithwick thanked the guardians for the proof they had given of their continued confidence in him, and promised to do his best to discharge the duties of the position to their satisfaction. Mr. Joseph Walsh, vice-chairman, and Alderman Healy, D. V. C., were also re-elected.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ROOMS 910-912 SCHILLER BUILDING, 109 RANDOLPH-ST.

ESTATE OF MARGARET DUNNE AND JOHN J. Dunne, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Dunne or John J. Dunne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1894, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, April 25, 1894.
MARY HAGERTY, Executrix De bonis non, etc.

THOMAS McENERNY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, ROOMS 910-912 SCHILLER BUILDING, 109 RANDOLPH-ST.

ESTATE OF CORNELIA NORRIS, DECEASED. All persons having claims against the estate of Cornelia Norris, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1894, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, April 25, 1894.
FRANK W. NORRIS, Administrator.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, LAWYERS, 87 WASHINGTON STREET.

ESTATE OF MARY HOGAN QUINN, ALIAS Mary Hogan, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary Hogan Quinn, alias Mary Hogan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1894, being the 18th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, April 25, 1894.
WINNIFRED QUINLAN, Administratrix.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Estate.

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FAITH.

Friends have been few and comforts few,
Paths have been wrong all my life through,
So rough indeed that I must keep
My eyes cast down, nor take a peep
At loneliness around, above,
No glimpse of light, no glimpse of love.

Friends have been few, no one could see
The shadows dark surrounding me
Nor understand my aimless pace,
Grown old erstwhile, devoid of grace;
They could not see the thorny way
Which I have walked, and every day.

Friends have been few, but one above
Knows all my heart, for he is love.
He knows my frame and understands
My life was shaped by other hands.
Though friendless ever while life shall last,
This worried life will soon be past.

Friends have been few, but it shall be
When I have crossed life's billowy sea
Friends will be found, heaven will be sweet,
My new found life will be complete.
So I will keep my weary way,
All will be changed some happy day.
—Minneapolis Housekeeper.

WANDERING WILLIE.

Late in the afternoon of a golden September day a canalboat was traversing the Erie canal at the sluggish rate of progress peculiar to that manner of navigation. Perhaps its locomotion was unusually slow, for not only was the boat eastward bound and therefore heavily laden with the lumber it had shipped at Buffalo, but it was of a decidedly grave and sedate aspect generally and was so extremely large, stolid and clumsy that most of its compeers were as fairy shallops beside it for grace and lightness. It was old—that is, old for a canalboat, which carries grain five years, lumber five years more and then is past its usefulness—the paint was worn and blistered, and the gilt letters on the stern were so defaced by time that one could with difficulty decipher the words, The Wandering Willie.

Had any one read this inscription on that September day he would have thought it a most absurd misnomer. "Willie" was unsuitably light and tender, while the epithet "Wandering" was surely ill applied to a vessel whose migrations were strictly confined to the long and narrow extent of a canal. But perhaps it had seemed a more fitting title some 50 years ago when it had been chosen for a somewhat less ponderous craft than the present possessor of the name, when, too, the Erie canal was a new, vast and magnificent enterprise, and a voyage along its placid waters seemed almost as memorable as a trip to Europe does to us now.

No one, however, bestowed any scrutiny upon the stern of the old boat that afternoon, for it was passing through a district very thinly settled. Now and then a distant farmhouse, with its red roofed barns, gave a touch of human interest to the landscape, and occasionally the boat crept slowly between wide stubble fields lying warm and glowing under the late sun, as if full of a pleasant consciousness of a summer's work well done. But most of the time the canal lay through vast woods, so dense that oak and elm, beech and maple leaves mingled together in indistinguishable confusion. The boat in these leafy solitudes was as isolated as a ship at sea, but its loneliness was not desolate, for it was broken by the twitter of many birds and by the sense of the intense life in the myriad growing trees and vines.

There were five persons connected with the boat. One man was lazily guiding the mules some 200 feet ahead; another was dozing in the bow of the boat; Jenny, a young woman, was preparing supper on the forward part of the deck; a young man was holding the tiller, and near him sat an elderly woman knitting. These latter two saw in their different ways much of the beauty and poetic possibilities of the scene. The young man thought that "far in forest deeps unseen," such as these, Lancelot and Guinevere had ridden side by side, and in just such bosky dells Orlando and Rosalind did "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." The woman, unfamiliar with the careers of these distinguished personages, merely put down her coarse knitting to listen more intently to blackbird's piping, or to inhale with undefined delight the cool fresh odors of the ferns and mosses, or the warm breath of the fields.

Presently she broke a long silence by saying to her companion:

"You haven't told me 'bout that there letter you got yist'day."

"I've been wanting to, but I hardly knew how to begin," said the young man, with an effort to speak lightly. "It's from that banking firm in Chicago I told you about. They offer me a good position now and a chance to rise. I must make up my mind tonight. It would be a great thing for me, mother."

Until he spoke the last word one would never have suspected the relation between them. The young man looked like a gentleman. The straw hat pushed back on his head revealed a face at once keen, thoughtful and refined. His suit of blue flannel fitted him well and was scrupulously neat. The woman wore a calico dress and apron and a gingham sunbonnet. She was not much past middle life, but seemed rather older. Severe and incessant labor had bent her frame, as it had hardened and misshapen her hands. But with that word mother as a key an observer could have traced the latent resemblance in the two faces. There were the same soft brown eyes and wide brows, surmounted in one case by thick, curly brown locks, in the other by scanty gray ones. There were the same square jaws and firm set lips that told of indomitable energies, and each countenance as it turned toward the other beamed with tender affection.

"Make up yer mind, Joe?" the woman said slowly, evidently startled. "You don't mean that you air reely thinkin of it?"

"Mother!" he said with a passionate earnestness he strove in vain to conceal, "you must see for yourself that I am not fitted for the life on a canalboat. It is too quiet, too dull; it has no opportunities. I have seen and learned too much to settle down willingly to this work. If I am to do nothing else than this in the world, it was a mistake for you and father to send me to school and college."

"Don't say that, Joe!" cried his mother in quick reproach. "Yer father an yer gran'father often felt 'shamed o' havin no eddication. They allus earned a fair livin, to be sure, an had everybody's good word. But it's a fine thing to have schoolin, an we was bound you should have it. An we worked fur it," she concluded simply, but with a retrospective sigh.

"I know you did," said Joe gratefully. "And I know how you worked—like slaves, like tigers. I only meant that it would be a mistake for me not to get the best results from your work and father's and my own. Out in the world, mother! Oh, there's so much to see and to do, so much money to be earned, so many bright, pleasant people to know!"

A little silence succeeded. Joe hoped that his mother was amplifying his arguments in her own mind, and presently he ventured to add:

"I thought, mother, you would enjoy living in Chicago in a little house with a furnace perhaps and stained glass in the hall and curtains in the doorways."

She turned upon him with absolute terror in her eyes.

"Joe!" she cried in a voice of intense pain. "Surely you won't make me do that? Surely there's no law that'd help you to drag me away from here to a place like that?"

"Mother—dear mother!" said Joe soothingly. "I wouldn't for the world ask you to go if you did not wish to do so. I only wished to offer you a pretty home, and you know you have never had a home."

"Never had a home?" she echoed scornfully. "What do you call The Wandering Willie, then? There's no woman in America that's prouder of her home than I be. I know every mile of the 800 an more between Buffalo an Albany as well as most people do their own miz'able little weedy dooryards. I've come by these fields fur 50 year an seen 'em brown an bare in the spring, an then a faint light green, an then yaller as the sunshine, an then bare again, like they be today. An sometimes I've come by when the first snow has covered 'em all up warm for the winter. An I know the very birds' nests in the trees, Joe. An there ain't a town as we go through but what I've got good true friends in. How kin you say this ain't a home, Joe? It's been a place to love in, to work in, to live an die in. What more do you want?"

"Forgive me, mother," said Joe humbly. He dared not speak again for fear of unwittingly giving her fresh pain. It was some time before she spoke.

"I've told you so often all about The Wandering Willie that I don't s'pose you'd keer to hear it all over agin, would you, Joe?" she said wistfully.

"Indeed I should like to hear it," said Joe, with so much apparent interest that his mother was visibly flattered and without urging plunged into a sea of retrospect.

"The very fust thing I kin remember is sittin by my father on the deck of a boat like this, tied into my little cheer. My mother was dead, an my father was all wrapped up in me. He was as good a man as ever lived, though rough in his ways. He did swear dreadfully sometimes, but then all canal men do mostly. But he was gentle as a kitten with me an would watch me in my little cheer an tell me by the hour 'bout the places we was passin. Sometimes he would talk o' sendin me to school, but he couldn't bear to part with me, an I hated to go. Winters we lived in a tavern at Lockport, an there I got a little schoolin, so I could read, write and cipher some, an when I was only a slip of a gal I und'stood all about freight an managin the boat better than you ever will, I'm afraid, Joe.

"Now, Joe, 'bout the name o' this old boat—you do think it's a pretty name, don't you?"

"I think it's the sweetest ship's name that ever was invented!" said Joe, with conviction, for he knew that not all the mythical ships of song and story had for him the significance of this one. The Wandering Willie would always represent to his mind the truest love, the tenderest fidelity.

"Well, your grandfather sot a great deal o' store by it. He called four boats by it, one arter another, and finally I give the name to this one. He'd got it out o' some play or pome or book—he never rightly knew where himself—an it riled him to have any one make fun of it. One evenin we was lyin to at Buffalo. It was about 7 o'clock, an the dock was full o' people walkin up an down to git the lake breeze, fur it had been a very warm day. I was talkin with some gals forward, an father was sittin in the stern, smokin. He had been drinkin some an was that ugly no one dast speak to him but me. Presently we see a young man starin at the name on the stern an kinder smilin to himself. He was a strong, good lookin young feller, with laughin blue eyes—you never see such eyes nowadays, Joe! Pretty soon he speaks up to father, an says he, very perlite:

"'Could ye give me a job o' work sir?'

"'I could if I wanted to,' says father, with a snarl, 'but I ain't a-goin to give no one a job that pokes fun at my boat.'

"'Why, I wan't a-pokin fun at yer boat!' says the young man very respectful. 'Only I see The Wandering Willie there on the stern, an my name's Willie, an I'm a-wanderin round lookin fur a job, an it seemed kinder cur'us.'

"Well, there's never no relyin on what a drunken man will do—I'm mighty glad you don't keer fur liquor, Joe. My father got hoppin mad at them innercent words an began swearin an takin on awful. The young feller jest turned round an walked off, sorter discouraged. Father kept shoutin to him that if he didn't come on board an git polished off he'd come on shore arter him. An all o' a sudden, while he was a-shakin his fists an a-stampin his feet, he give a crazy lurch and went right over the stern into the water!"

The old woman's voice trembled with excitement as she recounted this one thrilling incident of her life.

"The canal's an awful place to fall into. It's not so deep, but it's very wide, an even if you kin swim to the bank there's nothin to cling to. You never see a mule drown, did you, Joe? You wouldn't believe how quick it's over. There's a little running an shoutin an somethin dark comes slowly up an rolls over jest under the water, an there's a kind o' gurglin cry that turns you sick all over, an you feel wild to help the poor critter. The somethin dark comes slowly up once more an sinks agin. A few big bubbles rise, an it's all over, but the thought o' it sticks in yer mind fur days.

"It was as quick as that with father. He was a good swimmer, but when he arose his head struck agin the rudder an he never took a stroke—he jest sank like a stun. Everybody screamed an yelled an called fur ropes an boats, but none o' all his old cronies standin round dast wet their skins to help him. Would you believe it, Joe, that young feller he'd jest been abusin so mean was the very one to save him? He run back, tore off his coat an dived right where father had gone under. He was out o' sight so long the men began to say he was drowned, too, but arter awhile he come up coughin an chokin, but draggin father by the shirt collar jest as he'd grabbed him under the muddy water. They got 'em into a scow an laid father on the dock an worked over him 20 minutes afore he come to. He was sick two weeks with the blow he had got, but whether he was out o' his head or not he kep' allus a-callin for Willie, 'the chap what's named arter my boat,' he would say. So Willie helped me nurse him, an when father was well he worked with us the rest of the season. When I was a gal, Joe, I was called good looking, though you wouldn't believe it now."

"Of course I believe it—you know I do, mother!" interrupted Joe, with such fervor that the pleased, unready color—is there anything in the world so dear and pitiful as an old woman's blush?—crept into her cheek.

"An so Willie took a likin to me, an on our last trip that season when we was a-lyin to at Lockport a minister that ran a little mission on the dock came down to the boat an married us. Father would have us married on The Wandering Willie. I had a green merino dress—it's in the little trunk with your baby clothes, Joe—an the next day me an Willie had our dagerrytypes taken together. It hangs over my bunk, yer know—it ain't bad of me, but it don't do jestice to Willie.

"The next year you come along, Joe, an how proud we all was of you! I felt kinder sorry you didn't have big blue eyes like yer father, but there, we can't have everythin! It seemed as if the world had gone back 25 years when I see you a-sittin by father tied into my little old cheer. Father never seemed to git rightly over his accident. He was more civil an didn't swear an drink so much, an some time he'd look at the foul water an shudder an then look at Willie so grateful it'd bring tears to my eyes. One winter, in the old tavern at Lockport, when he'd been ailin fur a week or so, he says to me, 'My gal, you will soon have two Willies to look arter—Willie yer husband an Willie the boat!' I told him not to talk like that, but he jest turned over in bed an didn't seem to hear me. He didn't speak nor stir when the doctor come, nor till the next mornin, when he springs up in bed an calls out loud an sharp, 'Low bridge, low bridge!' Them was the last words ever he spoke."

She paused to wipe her eyes on her apron.

"Well, I'm makin a long story out of it, ain't I, dearie? But it seems every time I tell it as if it might be the last time. There ain't much more now. We worked on, year in, year out—fur you, Joe. It was only two year ago last spring, though it seems like 20, that Willie begun to fail. He had doctors an medicines, but they didn't do no good. They said he was kind o' wore out with hard work. They said the fresh air would be the best thing fur him, so we staid on the boat all summer as usual, only he sat an rested while the men worked. We couldn't very well have spared the profits of even one trip, fur you were at college, you know, Joe. But he got worse an worse, an at last I made up my mind as soon as ever we got to Buffalo I would take him to the tavern an telegraph fur you.

"One afternoon in August we was goin into Buffalo, jest passin along under the bluff, with the lake an river on the other side, so broad an blue you couldn't tell where the lake ends an the river begins. Willie lay back in a big easy chair under an awnin, jest where we're sittin now, an I was holdin the tiller—I hain't ever had the strength to do it sence, Joe; I've been all broke up lately. There had come an awful gray look on his face in the last mile or two that frightened me so I didn't dare ask him how he felt, but now an agin he'd smile at me with his big blue eyes, that was jest as pretty that day, Joe, as they was the fust evenin I saw him. At last I says, as the cool, strong wind off the lake blew over us, 'It's a nice breeze, ain't it, Willie?' An he says, 'Yes, lass, but it's takin my soul along with it.' An I had only time to drop on my knees by him an kiss him once before it was all over. An ever sence, when we slip along by that bluff, I feel the same breeze that took his soul away with it."

Her tears ran unchecked for some minutes before she resumed.

"That's all, Joe—that's why I can't never leave the canal an this old boat. I sometimes feel as if I cared more fur it than I do fur you. Of course 'tain't so—I only jest feel so. The boat belongs to my whole life some way—but you're so young an such a stranger from bein away so much—but there, I kep' a-saying all these years it'd be all right when you was home fur good, we'd be jest the same as if you'd never gone away! Such store as your father sot by your fust figgers an writin, Joe! I don't know what he'd have said, nor your grandfather either, to see the French an Latin an Greek books in yer cabin now!"

And her brown eyes, so like Joe's own, smiled on him with innocent pride, only to cloud suddenly.

"But it would have shamed them, Joe, an angered your grandfather most terrible, to think their work wan't good enough fur you to follow in. An I'm a lonely old woman, Joe—say that you'll stay an keep me comp'ny. 'Twon't be fur very long."

"Mother," said Joe very gently, "I want to do what is right by you and by myself. Give me an hour or so to decide. I don't want to be a bad son to such a good mother."

"You couldn't be bad if you tried, Joe," said his mother fondly. At that moment Jenny's young voice called merrily, "Supper, supper!" and Joe, having aroused the sleeping man and relinquished the tiller to him, sat down with the two women and ate the plain, carelessly served meal. Then the man on the towpath came on board for rest and refreshment, surrendering to Joe the guidance of the mules.

He could have laughed at his situation, only that its grotesqueness was so inseparably mingled with pain and perplexity. He thought as he walked along of the ill matched team Ulysses drove, of Apollo's magnificent coursers, of the snowy Paphian doves that bore Venus through the blue ether, and the more of these classical steeds and drivers he recalled the more incongruous and absurd his own position seemed. He felt that he was better fitted to teach mythology than to drive mules. And yet it would break his mother's heart if he left her. She had said he would not need to stay long. He shrank from speculating on her death, but if she were to live 10 years, for instance? What high hopes and aspirations might he not forget, what vile habits of thought and speech and manner might he not acquire in 10 years?

At 9 o'clock he gave up the lines to one of the men, who walked and drove till 12. Then, as their working force was not sufficient for an all night journey, the men moved the boat on the heel path side and put the mules into their quarters, there to rest till daybreak. The two lanterns fore and aft, which would serve to reveal the boat's presence to captains who pushed on throughout the night, were attended to, and the two men turned into their bunks. Jenny and her mistress had long since retired, and only Joe was left awake. He paced up and down the deck in the starlight, trying to come to a resolution. Should he go—and kill his mother? Should he stay—and kill his own pride and ambition and bright prospects? Finally all his learning seemed to resolve itself into the memory of Captain Lawrence's noble words, "Don't give up the ship!" And at last he said aloud, "I will not," and the long struggle was ended. The canal life, with its small, slow gains, its homely duties, would be his while his mother needed him.

He went straight to her bedside. She heard him and reached out a hand through the darkness to clasp his.

"Mother, I have decided—I'll stay and help you," he said, bending to kiss her withered cheek. To his surprise it was wet with tears. "What, you're crying—you haven't been awake all these hours?"

"I couldn't sleep, Joe, but I will now. Thank you, my boy. You'll never be sorry. Good night, Joe."

"Good night, mother," he said tenderly, and then, tired out, he sought his bunk and fell soundly asleep.

An hour or two afterward he found himself sitting up in bed, tearing the clothing from his throat and gasping for breath. In a moment he discovered that the cabin was full of a dense smoke. Hurrying on some garments, he dashed out and saw that the whole after part of the boat was in flames, past all chance of saving. The lantern had exploded, and the ignited oil had scattered far and wide. He loudly called Jenny and the men, and taking his mother in his strong young arms carried her on shore. Then he went back for a quantity of bedding, folded it carefully round her and put her gently down on the ground, her head against a tree. Jenny sprang ashore. Joe helped the two men to release the mules, quivering with terror, and in a few minutes men and mules were safely off the boat. Then Joe, though it was braving death to do it, rushed back through the blinding, stinging smoke into his mother's cabin and brought out the old daguerreotype and the little chest full of relics. He carried them to where she sat motionless against the tree.

"Here they are, mother—all the things you care for!" he cried.

"All but the boat itself, Joe—nobody kin save that, kin they?" She looked at him with helpless appeal.

"Nobody, mother," he said sadly. Indeed the poor craft was already from stem to stern one sheet of flame. The Wandering Willie would never wander more. "But we can build another."

She shook her head and made no answer. Anything like the tragic despair of her set face Joe had never seen.

"'Tain't asked of you to stay, Joe. But you'd made up your mind to anyhow. You was willin. I'm glad o' that."

So was Joe; so would he always be.

"The insurance, Joe—it's all right. It's all yours," she said quietly.

A strange fear crept over him. He knelt by her and rested her head on his shoulder and covered her closer from the chill night air with a loverlike tenderness. The fields stretched wide and black around them—the solemn stars shone dimly above.

"Will it jest burn to the water's edge, Joe, or will it sink?"

"I don't know, mother," said Joe huskily. The tears were running down his cheeks, but her eyes were quite dry.

"I jest couldn't bear—to see it sink—clean out o' sight—furever—Joe!" she whispered.

A slight shiver ran over her. Her head lay a little heavier on Joe's shoulder. He looked into her face and saw that he was motherless.—Julia Ditto Young in Romance.

ON THE FOUL FORDS.

A GHOSTLY BAND OF RIDERS ON THE SCOTTISH BORDERS.

A Tale of Spooks and Spirits Which Originated a Century Ago—How Henry Neale Paid the Penalty For Breaking a Promise Made to His Father.

At the beginning of the century a blacksmith named John Neale lived with his family in the secluded and romantic village of Longformacus, on the border. He was by that time a man of middle age, with sons approaching manhood. He was known all through the country for his dissolute habits and intemperate language. One day he went to Greenlaw, about eight miles off, to attend the funeral of a sister, fully intending to be home in the course of the afternoon. As time wore on and nothing was seen of him his wife and family became somewhat alarmed, and they sat up all night to wait for him. In the early hours of the morning a heavy weight was heard to fall against the door of the house, and opening it to see what was the matter Neale was discovered lying in a fainting fit on the threshold. He was put to bed and means were used for his recovery, but when consciousness returned he was raving mad and talked of such terrible things that his family were horrified. He continued till next day in the same state, but at length his senses came back, and he desired that the minister might be sent for, and when he came insisted on seeing him alone. After a long conversation with Mr. Ord, Neale called his family round his bed and required from his wife and children in turn a solemn promise that none of them would ever pass over that particular place on the moorland track between Longformacus and Greenlaw, known as the Foul Fords. He assigned no reason for this demand, and the required promise was given. After this he spoke no more, but died the same evening.

About 10 years after his death his son, Henry Neale, who had succeeded to his business of blacksmith and farrier had led as bad a life as his father had done, had occasion to go to Greenlaw.

It was late in the afternoon before he was ready to return home. The last person who saw him as he was leaving the little town was John Mickie, the Spottiswoode shepherd. Neale tried to persuade the latter to accompany him home, which Mickie refused to do, as to do so would take him several miles out of his way. Neale begged him most earnestly to go with him, as he said he must pass the Foul Fords that night, and then used the strong expression that he would rather go through hellfire than to do what was before him. Mickie asked him why he said he must pass the Foul Fords, when by going a little to the east or to the west he might easily avoid the place altogether, but Neale persisted, and the other left him at last, a good deal surprised, for the circumstances of old Neale's death and the promise he had extracted from his family were well known throughout the country. Henry Neale was never seen alive again. Next morning a laboring man named Adam Redpath, who was on his way from Cattleshiels, the nearest farm, to his daily work—digging sheep drains on the moor—found him lying stone dead at the Foul Fords. There was no mark of violence on the body. He appeared to have run for his life, for his hat, coat and waistcoat were lying about 100 yards distance on the Greenlaw side of the fords. His death made a great stir in the neighborhood, and Mr. Orr, the minister of Longformacus, feeling that since the son's death his pledge of secrecy was removed, told what the father had related to him, which was as follows:

Neale said that just as he had reached the Foul Fords on his return from Greenlaw after attending his sister's funeral his attention was suddenly roused by hearing the tramping of horses behind him. Looking around, he saw a large company of riders coming down the moorland track two by two. As they approached, what was his horror to perceive that one of the two foremost was the sister whom he had seen that day laid in her grave!

Among other riders he recognized many friends and relations long since dead. When the last two horses came up, he saw that one horse was ridden by a dark man whose face he had never before seen. He was leading the other horse, which, though saddled and bridled, was riderless, and on this horse the whole company tried to compel him to mount. Neale struggled violently, he said, for some time, and at last only purchased his freedom by promising that the first of his family who should cross the Foul Fords should go instead of him.

Years have passed away, and nothing remains, says the writer, to tell of this ghastly struggle but a tall gray stone set up by my great-grandfather, Mr. Spottiswoode, to mark the place.—"A Volume of Family History," by Miss Warrender.

Piquet as a Preliminary to Prayer.

The Abbe Faure left behind him some interesting reminiscences of his experiences of criminals condemned to death at La Roquette prison, where he was for many years chaplain. His method of ingratiating himself with criminals in order to try to get them to accept his religious ministrations was to begin by offering them tobacco, and to go with a pack of cards and offer to play a quiet little game of piquet with them.—London Telegraph.

An Obscure Calculation.

"Catchon is struggling with a very heavy problem."

Snapp—What is it?

"He's trying to figure out whether he's a member of the Four Hundred."

Snapp—Well, can't he?

"No. He doesn't know whether it should be worked by addition or subtraction."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

HE BURNED A DIAMOND.

It Was Merely to Demonstrate That the Gem Was Inflammable.

How would you like to burn a two carat diamond merely for the sake of demonstrating a fact in science? Professor Henry Miles George of London did that very thing two years ago.

"What I did was not a new experiment," said the professor, "and was made at the request of a wealthy young countryman of mine who believed that he was born to be a scientist. Whether he was or not is neither here nor there. His first experiment was costly.

"He wanted to satisfy himself that the diamond possessed an inflammable quality, and that after being burned it left no residue. We burned the stone in my laboratory and to the young man's complete satisfaction. After it was consumed there was absolutely no ash. The combustion was complete, and there was an absolute although expensive proof that the diamond consists of pure carbon.

"The inflammability of the diamond," continued Professor George, "was not known till the middle of the seventeenth century. The ancients were firmly convinced that a diamond could not either be burned or broken. This was disproved in 1670 or thereabouts, when a four carat stone was consumed in the flame of a blowpipe. I think it was in Rome. The Grand Duke of Florence, in 1694, thought that fire would reveal the secret of the diamond's composition, and he caused a stone to be placed under the focus of concentrated sun rays. The diamond cracked, coruscated and disappeared. These experiments, as you will readily understand, are not made very frequently. In the interest of science they have been necessary, but as we have a very complete record of the results in several experiments and they all agree there is no necessity for any further expenditure of money in that particular direction. No, I don't think my young friend became a scientist. He married a music hall singer."—New York Mail and Express.

Cavalry and Cold Steel.

If you will allow a cavalry soldier to forget the value of cold steel and rely on fire action, you destroy the dash and elan which make him formidable and should be his characteristic. Therefore Frederick 130 years ago ordered his troopers always to attack, and while he discountenanced the use of carbines gave them the necessary support which fire lends by organizing a light artillery to attend their movements.

Napoleon has told us that "cavalry cannot reply to fire and can only fight with the steel," and fully recognizing where lay the weakness of his horsemen he gave them an auxiliary in the shape of horse artillery, which, so far from hampering their movements, added to their boldness and enterprise when acting independently ahead of his vast armies. The co-operation of the two arms was also then found to work in another direction to the benefit of both, for while projectiles loosen compact formations and render the attack of squadrons more dangerous the cavalry force the scattering units to draw together and present an easier target for the guns. Especially was this noticeable during the pursuit of a beaten foe. A battery, bold and well placed, may deny a whole road to the retreating columns, and long lengths of "train" may have to be abandoned on the inroad of a few accurately directed shells.—Saturday Review.

Racing For Life In a Mine.

David M. Griffith, a miner, had a narrow escape from being crushed to death while at work in the Franklin mine, but the accident fortunately resulted in nothing more serious than a broken leg and a terrible fright.

Griffith was at work on a slope when pieces of coal weighing about 1,500 pounds became detached above him and started down the slope toward Griffith, whose only escape lay in running down the slope ahead of the lump of coal. It soon became a race for life, with the coal increasing its speed at every bound and adding to the terrors of the flying Griffith. Half way down the slope the speed at which Griffith was going extinguished the lamp in his hat and left him in the dark.

He continued his flight, in which lay his only safety, and after running for what seemed an age he stumbled on one of the side beams and fell, expecting to be instantly crushed to death. The coal came on, and by a miracle was checked by the timber, but in jamming caught one of poor Griffith's legs against the timber, breaking the bone in two places. Help soon came down to the man, and he was carried out and cared for. Griffith says it was the narrowest escape from death he ever had.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

His I's.

General Ogle, when submitting a letter for approval by the Pennsylvania legislature, which he had addressed on their behalf to the newly elected president, General Andrew Jackson, was interrupted by a dapper little fellow from Philadelphia thus:

"Pardon me, general, I do not wish to assume to make a suggestion to so distinguished a gentleman as yourself, but I cannot refrain from saying that it is customary in the east, and I may say in almost all the civilized countries of Europe, to write with a capital 'I' instead of the small 'i' in using this personal pronoun in epistolary correspondence."

General Ogle drew down his heavy brows, piercing the dandy's marrow with the fierce shaft of scorn that shot from his eye.

"Sir," said he, beginning with a hiss and ending with a roar, "when I write to such a great man as General Andrew Jackson, Democratic president of the United States, I abase myself, I abase myself, sir. I use as small an 'i' as I can put on paper. But, sir, if I should ever get to such a low pitch as to have to write to such a little snipe as you are, I'd use an 'I,' sir, that would fill two pages of foolscap."—Exchange.

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

A CORRESPONDENT CALLS IT THE WORLD'S BUSIEST STREET.

A Lively and Historic Thoroughfare—Not of Great Length, but Full of Interest and Excitement—One Has Not Seen London Until He Has Seen Cheapside.

Cheapside is a street, and a busy one—the busiest, I dare say, of the whole world of streets. It is not long; it is not beautiful; it is not the resort of the fashionable; it is a business thoroughfare from first to last, and it has more history crammed into its short stretch than other great thoroughfares have in their combined long ones. Cheapside being not at the side of anything in the present era, but at the heart of all things, being in the heart of London, has a very important place in civic affairs. It is what they call "an artery of traffic," asphalted into the bargain and affording ingress and exit as between the city and the regions west. If it has a quarter of a mile to its length, it has as much as it can legitimately claim, and even that includes a little slice at the eastern end called the "Poultry," a title which signifies a local purpose in the picturesque past.

Cheapside has at one end the Poultry, but this need not be counted as a separate entity. And at the Poultry end is the Mansion House, where lives the lord mayor in gold lace state. Cheapside bumps into Threadneedle street, up to the steps of the Royal Exchange and against the walls of the Bank of England, institutions which are both useful and ornamental. At the other end of Cheapside there is a statue of Sir Robert Peel. But I venture to say that half the people who pass there every day do not know whose statue it is, and of the other half an inconsiderable fraction will have some accurate notion as to who Sir Robert Peel really was, the balance being able to suggest only that he had "something to do with the police."

Cheapside is to London what lower Broadway is to New York, between the postoffice and Wall street. Shops, shops, shops, insurance companies, great mercantile houses, restaurants, a church—Dick Whittington's—that is to say, Bow church, where the bells still tingle—these are the stationary ingredients of Cheapside. Omnibuses, human beings, cabs and carriers' vans are the movable ones. Cheapside is like the channel of a tidal river—at one time of the day the current sets in one direction, and at another time it ebbs to the opposite course.

The street has many funny little tributaries, with funny little names, Bread street, Friday street, Ironmonger lane and Old Jewry being some of these—narrow passages where in days more primitive than our own opposite neighbors leaned out of windows and shook hands across the street, while from the pavement they could scarcely have seen the sky, so closely did the overhanging stories approach to the roofs thereof. But there are no dwellings in Cheapside now, nor in the adjacent tributaries. The buildings are all for business purposes only. The old vogue of overhang has been long dispensed with, and a sprightly modern air is worn by the commercial architecture.

One kind of commodity Cheapside has in more abundance than any other place on the whirling footstool—jewelry. It may not be the most sumptuous jewelry that ever was made, it may not compare with the golden filigree work of Zamara, but it is jewelry nevertheless and of a good sort for the moderate classes. And there is so much of it that it overflows the contracted emporiums and flows in cascades and Niagaras of watch chains, necklaces, fantastic guards behind the plate glass windows.

It seems to be a trick of Cheapside's shops to display all their treasures to the preoccupied eyes of those who here march in legions along the pavement. They pour their wares into their windows with a reckless profusion suggestive of the orient—that is to say, the orient you read about, not the orient which actually exists. The jewelry of Cheapside is mainly silver jewelry, and the radiance of the windows is the white radiance which tarnishes with such hapless result in the London fog.

Cheapside is best seen between 9 and 10 in the morning or between 5 and 7 in the afternoon, either when everybody is coming to or going from his occupation. But all day long the street is crowded from end to end, so crowded that you cannot anywhere cross it in safety, except at the points where constables are stationed to regulate the traffic.

One of the odd features of Cheapside is the line of pedestrians who stand in either gutter, stringing along the curbs and vending catchpenny toys. These merchants are an amusing lot in their way. Their harangues are endless and not wholly lacking in wit, although their language is not altogether parliamentary. They sell the most wonderful assortment of ingenious toys that you can imagine, and every week or two they produce some new thing. Variety is the spice of their trade. The wonderful toys that can be bought of them for a penny allure all kinds of people who go cityward. I know men on the Stock Exchange who make it a point to buy every new penny toy that appears on Cheapside. Their collections have already the appearance of a lesser South Kensington museum or a glorified Lowther arcade. The penny toy venders may not pause in their vending. The watchful "bobby" keeps them on the move, a necessary precaution in this thick stream of traffic. One should see these penny toy men. Until he sees them he has not seen Cheapside, and until he has seen Cheapside he has not seen London. Besides the penny toys are the only cheap things in Cheapside.—London Cor. Boston Herald.

How to Recognize It.

Nedders—What's a bonmot?

Slowitz—Something you always think of after it's too late to say it.—Chicago Record.

A Clever Dog.

Scarcely anything is lacking in the mental furniture of this psychological dog to make him the equal of a baby 2 years old, except thinking in words, and who can prove that he is destitute of this faculty, although not possessing articulate speech? One evening while I was giving my plants a drink he came to me several times, asking me to have the gate opened. Not caring to lay down the hose, I paid little heed to his teasings, and he determined to compass his purpose in another way. To the front door he went, and pressing it found it not latched, but requiring some force to throw it open. Then he backed out the full width of the veranda, and running threw his weight so violently against the door as to drive it open. Very soon he reappeared with his mistress, to whom he had made his supplication, and she, without knowing of his failure with me, opened the gate and gave the little fellow his coveted freedom. It should be explained in regard to the wit shown in opening a heavy or sticking door that Toots acquired his experience with a fly door closed by the reaction of a spring. He found by experiments that if with his fore paws he pressed this door open just far enough to emit his body it would spring to and pinch his tail, and that by retreating and running the whole length of a small entry he would impart momentum enough to open the door wide and thus clear his tail, at the same time letting out a dependent companion. This act, I am inclined to think, is a little smarter than is usual in a 2-year-old child.—Popular Science Monthly.

Do Spiders Hear?

Experiments recently made with a tuning fork have convinced Mr. Pocock, an English naturalist, that some spiders at least really hear the sound produced by the fork. Indeed the conduct of spiders when a vibrating tuning fork is held near their webs is quite remarkable.

Some species, as, for instance, the ordinary garden spider, Epeira diademata, will run at the fork and strike or snatch at it with their fore legs.

The amaurobius, a spider which builds tubular webs in holes in walls, runs about in great excitement when the tuning fork is held near it. This spider can be enticed out of its hole by holding the fork near the entrance, and it will even climb upon the vibrating instrument.

Another species of garden spider, which is smaller and handsomer than the epeira, always, according to Mr. Pocock, drops from its web in terror when a tuning fork is held over it. These spiders are the prey of wasps, and as they always drop from their webs on the approach of their insect enemy it has been suggested that they mistake the sound of the tuning fork for the humming of a wasp's wings.

But some observers do not assent to the conclusion that it is the sound of the fork which attracts the attention of the spiders. They think the vibration is conveyed through the air to the webs, and that the slight motion thus imparted is perceptible by the spiders.—Youth's Companion.

The Earth's Temperature.

One of the most learned of modern geologists, Sir William Thomson, has expressed the opinion that for the last 96,000,000 years the rate of increase of the earth's temperature under ground has gradually diminished from about one-tenth to about one-fiftieth of a degree F. per foot. The present argument, however, as to the date of the consolidation of the earth, based on the assumption that the earth is simply a cooling globe, is met with serious objections, one of the most forcible being that as the solidification of the earth probably began from the middle and spread to the surface it is not only possible but likely that after a firm crust had been formed the upper portion still retained some degree of viscosity. If, then, the interior be viscous, some tidal oscillations must take place in it, and these being subject to friction heat must be generated in the viscous portion, and the diurnal rotation of the earth must be retarded. According to the supposition of an eminent scientist—viz, that it is only those strata which are within some hundreds of miles of the surface which are viscous, while the central portion is rigid—then, when tidal friction does its work, the same amount of heat is generated as on the hypothesis of the viscosity of the entire planet, but instead of being distributed throughout the whole mass, and principally toward the middle, it is now to be found in the more superficial layers.—New York Sun.

The Duties of a Party Whip.

Reverting to the duties of a whip and patronage secretary, it is an astonishing fact that gentlemen of birth and social position can be found to fill the post. The junior whips' duties are not only onerous, but irksome. They sit or stand in the outer lobby of the house from half past 3 to half past 12 at night, and they ask every member who passes where he is going, whether he is paired and when he will be back. If he is not paired, they have either to find a pair for him or to prevent him from passing out by coaxing or threats, the former for preference. When their party are in, these gentlemen have to attend their office from 12 to 8. Their hours of duty are, therefore, from 11 a. m. to 12 p. m., or 13 hours, with intervals for lunch and dinner, and this they do for £1,000 a year. When their party is out, they do it, minus their office work, for nothing.

In addition to keeping an eye on his juniors, the chief whip, who has £2,000 a year, deals with the members on their more touchy side. It is he who practically distributes ribbons and titles and sees that cards of invitation are sent to this man and that; that no one is given undue preference, a delicate duty which requires much tact and skill. Mr. Tom Ellis is popular, and that goes a great way. He has tact, and that goes further. At present he lacks experience, but that will come.—Cardiff Mail.

A LAZY FELLER.

Mighty fond o' fishin,
Good as good can be,
But I keep a-wishin
That the river'd come to me.

Like the weather sunny,
When the bees are all alive;
Wisht they'd bring their honey
To me an not the hive.

Hunter's horn a-tootin,
Powder on the shelf,
Like to go a-shootin
If the gun would load itself.

Fond o' turkey eatin—
Mighty good an sweet,
But it's overheatin
When you have to cut the meat.

World—I never doubt it—
Has a lot to give;
Only trouble 'bout it
Got to work to live.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sneezing Out the Wedding Party.

The Rev. R. S. Hawker, in the course of some reminiscences of an aged friend of his, quotes an anecdote which this friend, himself a clergyman, was fond of telling. It is about a marriage ceremony and a pinch of snuff, and in the narrator's own language runs thus:

"It was always the custom in those days for a clergyman after the marriage to salute the bride first before any other person. Well, it was so that I had just married a very buxom, rosy young lady, and when it was over I proceeded to observe the usual ceremony. But I had just taken an enormous finger and thumbful of snuff. So no sooner had the bride received my kiss—and I gave her a smart kiss for her good looks—than she began to sneeze. The bridegroom kissed her, of course, and he began also. Then the 'best man' advanced to the privilege. Better he hadn't, for he began to sneeze awfully, and by and by the bridesmaids also, for they were all kissed in turn, till the whole party went sneezing down the aisle, and the last thing I heard outside the church was 'Tchu, tchu, tchu!' till the noise was drowned by the bells from the tower."—London Tit-Bits.

Paper Tires For Bicycles.

The writer has visited the experimental shop of the parties who are working out the idea of making tires from paper for bicycles. A pressure equal to 120 pounds was brought to bear upon a rubber tire wheel in the presence of the writer, and the tire sunk in at the bottom. Then the same kind of a wheel was treated in the same way as regards pressure, but the tire was made of paper. The same weight did not cause the tire to sink in so much as in the case of the rubber one. Thus the paper tire can be run over cobblestones, sandy roads, mud, etc., and be less affected. The continual squeezing together and inflating of the rubber tire has a tendency to wear the rubber and cause a fracture. The paper tire, being less liable to flatten or sink in, is not subject to this wear.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A Natural Surprise.

Information was given to the police authorities at B—— that a master tailor certified to be dead and buried with due solemnity many years ago was still in the land of the living. For the purpose of a gigantic swindle a doctor had been bribed to make out a spurious certificate in order to obtain payment of the insurance money, amounting to 30,000 marks. Further inquiries having established the accuracy of the facts as alleged, the coffin was exhumed and was found to contain nothing but a stout ironing board. At the sight of it a policeman standing by exclaimed in astonishment, "Golly, how he has altered!"—Deutscher Reichsbote.

Aged Horses.

With moderate care and good usage a horse's life may be prolonged to 25, 35 or 40 years. An English gentleman had three horses which died in his possession at the ages of 35, 37 and 39 years respectively. The oldest was in a carriage the very day he died, strong and vigorous, but was carried off by a spasmodic colic, to which he was subject. A horse in use at a riding school in Woolwich lived to be 40 years old, and a barge horse of the Mersey and Irwell Navigation company is declared to have been in his sixty-second year when he died.—London Answers.

Hard on the Canary.

A little West Somerville girl was punished one day for something she had done which she was told not to do.

While her eyes were wet with tears she demanded of her mother, with a pout, "Well, who told you?"

"Oh, a little bird told me."

As the mother left the room she heard the child turn toward the innocent canary which hung in a cage near the window and with infantile spite say, "Mean old tattle tale, tattle tale!"

The "little bird" story worked well that time surely.—Somerville Journal.

His Sole Regret.

"You are not afraid to die, are you?" asked the weeping watcher by the bedside.

"No," whispered the chronic kicker, "but it does worry me to think that I shall soon be with the silent majority, when all of my life I have so enjoyed being in the noisy minority."—Indianapolis Journal.

Some of the bricks found in Babylon indicate by the stamps upon their surface an age of at least 5,000 years. The art of brickmaking was well developed at that time, for no bricks are better made than these.

Persians dump their household refuse into deep cesspools dug inside of the house. These cesspools have no outlet and help to account for that country being the hotbed of cholera.

Things made wholly or in part of clay and baked, which are opaque, are called pottery. Those which are semitransparent are porcelain.

Insects inhabiting islands have either very short wings of very little use in flying or no wings at all.

True Heroism.

A writer in The Well Spring says that on the day after the battle of Fredericksburg Kershaw's brigade occupied Mary's Hill, and Sykes' division lay 150 yards ahead, with a stone wall between the two forces. The intervening space between Sykes' men and the stone wall was strewn with dead, dying and wounded Union soldiers, victims of the battle of the day before. The air was rent with their groans and agonizing cries of "Water! Water!"

"General," said a boy sergeant in gray, "I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

"It breaks me all up to hear those wounded Yankees crying for water. May I go and give them some?"

"Kirkland, do you know what you are asking?" said the general. "The moment you step in sight and over the wall, you'll get a bullet through your head. The skirmishing has been murderous all day."

"If you'll give me permission, I'll try it," said the young man.

"My boy, I ought not to let you run such a risk, but how can I refuse? You may go, and may God protect you."

"Thank you, sir," and with a smile on his bright, handsome face the boy sergeant sprang away over the wall, down among the sufferers, pouring the blessed water down their parched throats. After the first few bullets his noble errand became understood, and shouts of admiration instead of bullets followed him. He returned to his bivouac in safety.

Difficult Weddings.

Among the Lolos of western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed, the bridegroom clambers up on the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes and pinches from the dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off.

Similar difficulties assail the bridegroom among the Mongolian Koraks, who are in the habit of celebrating their marriage in large tents, divided into numerous compartments.

At a given signal, as soon as the guests are assembled, the bride starts off through the compartments, followed by her wooer, while the women of the encampment throw every possible impediment in his way, tripping up his unwary feet, holding down the curtains to prevent his passage and applying the willow and alder switches unmercifully as he stoops to raise them.

As with the maiden on the horse and the virgin on the tree top, the Korak bride is invariably captured, however much the possibilities of escape may be in her favor.—Western Mail.

Old Delft Ware.

The earliest wares for table use imported to this country were tortoise shell and delft. It is impossible to give any list of the many marks found on delft ware. The character of the decoration is frequently oriental, being copied from Chinese wares; hence the pieces are often mistaken and called India. The color of decoration generally used is blue, sometimes combined with green and yellow, the designs bold. The ware is a coarse pottery. The old pieces found here are usually plates, round platters, tiles and occasionally a tea caddy, teapot or "bowpot." Old delft is much sought after for decorative purposes. The pieces made a century ago have Dutch scenes, windmills, etc., and are frequently bulging bodied or flaring topped vases. The word delft has come to be applied to common crockery, wherever made, and many mistakes in definition arise therefrom.

The tortoise shell ware is English. Much of it was made by Whildon, the predecessor and partner of Wedgwood, till 1759. The marble, agate, tortoise shell, cauliflower and melon wares were made by him and by the Wedgewoods and one or two other potters and are really beautiful in color.—Philadelphia Times.

"Cat-a-cornered."

None of our lexicographers gives "cat-a-cornered" (sometimes "cat-a-corner-ways"). "Cater-cornered" is given as "local English and United States." But does anybody in this country say cater-cornered? Worcester gives "catty-cornered" in a bashful note in small type. Halliwell derives "cater-bornered" from quatre, through the provincial "cater," to cut diagonally. But why go so far? Might not "catter-cornered" be only a corrupt "quarter cornered"—that is, quartered by lines through the corners instead of in the more usual way, by lines at right angles to the sides? This etymology seems to be confirmed by a curious bit of folk speech in the upper Hudson country. Our people, in sawing or nailing anything at an angle other than a right angle, do not place it or cut it "quartering," which is the recognized technical term, but "cattering." I am told that in parts of Vermont "cattering" is used in the sense of bias. For "cattering" there is a ludicrous diminutive much oftener used in my neighborhood—namely, "kittering"—that is, somewhat cattering, for is not a kit a little cat?—Century.

A Well Timed Sally.

When Wilson, the English comedian, made his debut, it was in the character formerly supported by Shuter. Upon his appearance on the stage the audience called out for their former favorite by crying: "Off, off. Shuter! Shuter!" Wilson, turning round and with a face as stupid as art could make it and suiting his action to his words, replied: "Shoot her! Shoot her!" pointing at the same time at the female performer on the stage with him. "I'm sure she does her part very well." This well timed sally of seeming stupidity turned the scale in his favor and called down repeated applause, which continued during the whole of the performance.—Exchange.

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Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 494 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 256 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Mingue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st John Mott, Rec Sec, 3743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemstege, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1043 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 740 W 43d st; F S, John Haler, Treas. William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 423 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 681 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 28 Ontario st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doyal, 9229 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4729 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4056 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E F Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1027 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 21 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 465 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Nemes, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 873 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, P T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 223 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Keddie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk [illegible] Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Beckiug, 1004 Belmont av; R S, [illegible] 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John

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WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
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